

The TATLER

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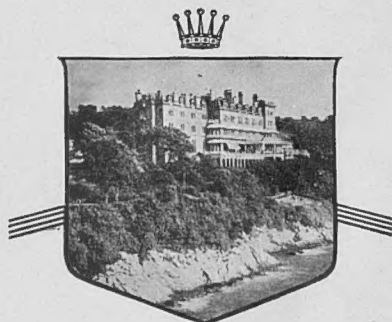
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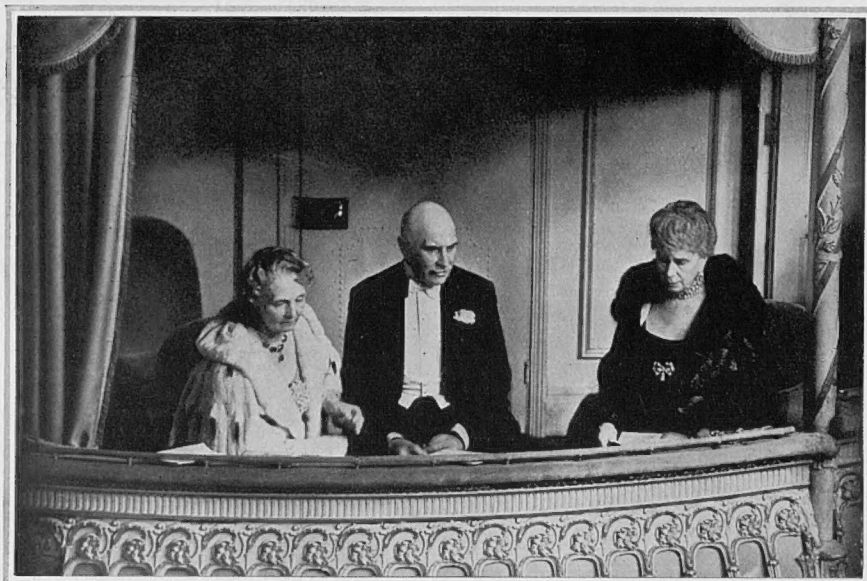
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THE SEASON IN FULL SWING TIME:

MR. CHARLES SWEENEY, LADY MOIRA COMBE AND MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY

This very typical photograph, so essentially London, 1939, might have been taken at any one of the big forgatherings at which notables feature night after night during the Season. Actually, the occasion was a peak event, the Derby Ball, at Grosvenor House, organized by Lady Milbanke and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, and attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Lady Moira Combe now has the responsibility of a grown-up daughter but continues to look remarkably young. Mrs. Charles Sweeny was *en grande beauté* as usual



QUEEN MARY AT THE THEATRE

Her Majesty with her brother, the Earl of Athlone, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in the Royal Box at the Criterion watching *Grouse in June*, N. C. Hunter's very entertaining comedy of manners in a fishing hotel in the Highlands, which looks like being another Criterion long runner. Queen Mary's fondness for the Theatre has been particularly exemplified during the last few months, and there are few current plays Her Majesty has not seen

And the World Said—

THE Great British Public, bored with a daily ration of obvious propaganda in the national Press, has become suspicious, smelling censorship of propaganda in almost everything it reads. Consequently the purveyors of comparatively unbiased "news behind the news" enjoy success, and private pamphleteers, of whom the foremost is Commander Stephen King-Hall, have won an eager public for their weekly news letters—a significant outcome of the times. Though emasculated by the law of libel and such-like, these lone critics inherit a spot of white heat from Defoe's day when, although much that circulated was scurrilous, certain pens struck a superb vein of invective; long since exhausted or turned to puling sarcasm. Lord Curzon had the gift of first-class sarcasm, and the late Lord Rosebery could be magnificently caustic (for example his letter about the Scottish War Memorial, in which

blanc-mange was the operative word), while several wits are still with us and, when he chooses, a rapier letter-writer in the Duke of Argyll, but not a single master of invective; and as for irony, to feel its antiseptic balm one must cross the English Channel. But why not the French Channel? This appropriation of a singularly ill-favoured bit of sea is very bad propaganda because we, and never the French, are subconsciously blamed for its churlish habits.

* * *

A new personality said to be behind another news letter is that brilliant and darkly handsome young man, Mr. John Foster, the Recorder of Oxford and the Conservative candidate for Mid-Cheshire, who has his finger in so many pies and is tipped by admiring contemporaries for the Woolsack, if not No. 10. He lets levity loose in "The Broadsheet's" general knowledge section: inventing a *Farieonish* skit on those



THE HON. MRS JULIAN HAWKE

With her daughter Sarah, born in 1935, and another favoured member of the household, photographed at Old Mill House, Cuddington, Cheshire. Before her marriage, the Hon. Mrs. Julian Hawke was Miss Angela Bury. Her husband is the younger son of the eighth Baron Hawke who succeeded his brother, the famous cricketer, last year



FORCES FOR COURSES: A ROW OF NOTABLES AT SALISBURY

Lady Antrim, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, her father Lord Shaftesbury, and Lady Cadogan, wife of the Grafton Master, off to watch the parade for the Salisbury Cup, the big event of the second day's card. Lady Antrim should know something of the racing game, for she was born a Sykes of Sledmere. Lady Cadogan nobly backs up her husband's work in the Grafton country, and it was thanks to her that the last Hunt Ball was such a success. Lord Cadogan succeeded that great celebrity Lord Hillingdon

pompous questions, to which only the Athenæum hierarchy knows the answers. Do you know? "What Eastern general said 'My men exist by robbing the peasants; my officers are kept by the fashionable ladies of the capital, but what in the world is to become of my horses?'" Joking apart, by invitation of King Carol, Scotland's wonder boy piper, William Ramsay, has gone to Rumania to teach members of the youth organization to play the pipes. (The Rumanian bagpipe, like the Irish, has only one reed.) In another Balkan country, Greece, war scares have not been taken seriously. The Michael Arlens, who are coming to London at the end of June, find Athens exceedingly congenial, the Athenians friendly but secretly amused at the gas masks of the British colony. And in another antique capital, Rome, the British colony is amazed at the change which has come over the public's attitude. When the Union Jack went up at the horse show it was warmly cheered, while the German flag received a chilly silence. My correspondent thought the crowd positively ill-mannered towards the German competitors. Surely this shows which way the wind is blowing, and that the military

alliance was signed against the people's instinct! Rome is full of Germans, mostly in uniform. Many have been given official positions in the secret police, and other high spots, which insidious grasping of the reins makes Italy anxious for her independence. But the Grand has been full during Rome's delightful spring season, with Mrs. Cartwright as a leading hostess *de passage*, entertaining, among others, a St. Moritz acquaintance, the Duca di Sangro ("Ricardo" to Corviglia Club of which he is *Il Presidente*), and Miss Elise Curtis, an American cutie who answers to "Honeychild." Enjoying various functions were Conte Giorgio Ottona, who is expected for Ascot; the Malbrán girls, Celia and Maria-Angelica, who were much admired when their father was Argentina's Ambassador in London; the American Ambassador's daughter, Miss Marion Phillips, who has been polishing her German in Munich, and popular Mr. W. J. B. Macaulay, Eire's Minister to the Holy See. After Mr. De Valera had stayed with him for ten days he took a holiday on the French Riviera where he intends renting either a yacht or a villa for the baking season.

* * *

More Irish news begins in Dublin where the American Minister dined twenty in honour of the new French Minister and Madame Blondel; a farewell "do," as Mrs. Cudahy and son and daughter have sailed for the World's Fair. Daughter will remain in America to graduate from Smith, the celebrated Massachusetts college. Dublin's next cocktail of arts, sports, wits and departments will be the Presidential garden party given by Dr. Douglas Hyde at his Phoenix Park residence early in June. He recently laid out a golf course for himself in the grounds of unpronounceable Uchtaran. An important event was the *Feis Ceoil*, or national musical festival, for which over a thousand entered. I do not envy Mr. Dawson Freer who judged the sopranos for the Plunket-Greene *Lieder*



MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD CHATFIELD AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

Relaxation for sadly overworked Ministers (and their wives) is long overdue, and they can surely find it at Olympia even though the great programme is presented by fighting sailors, soldiers and airmen. The country and the whole Empire recognizes a great sheet-anchor in the present Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Chatfield

Cup. The General Church of Ireland Synod was attended by Lords Headfort and Dunraven among venerables, while fifty-four fishermen from every part of Connaught dined and wined at the Angler's Hotel at Oughterard on Lough Corrib after the Brown Trout Championship. No wonder my correspondent regretted she was unable to say who won! She signals the Bryan Guinnesses as a social asset. They spend a good deal of time at Knockmaroon with Elizabeth junior and the infant Diarmuid. Mr. Guinness is a poet and his Argyllshire wife has artistic leanings as befits a former stepdaughter of Paul Maze, the "Frenchman in Khaki." The Theatre occupies a large place in the artistic life of Dublin; the Dublin Gate Company have taken *Hamlet* and Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* to Yugoslavia. Meanwhile, Lord Longford's players stride their boards with *A Murder Has Been Arranged*; the cast includes his cousin, pretty Simona Pakenham. The Abbey is losing valuable talent, as aside from actors Cyril Cusack and Anne Clery, who have gone to London, Frank O'Connor, the dramatic and short-story weaver, has resigned because he feels the likelihood of Government interference would mitigate against his artistic conscience in the choosing of plays! The likelihood of a permanent symphony orchestra being built up by the composer and conductor Sir Hamilton Harty, and Dr. Kiernan (whose wife's singing of old Irish airs is esteemed by gramophone *connoisseurs*) has been welcomed by the locals and by all who listen-in to music from Ireland; they have something gay and different to give us. Lady Charles Cavendish, to whom these qualifications also apply, was invited to the *début* of Beatrice MacDermott's delicious murals in the much modernized Midland Hotel, Derby, the other week. These commemorate Queen Victoria's visit to the then Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth and to this old hostelry in 1849, with her quiverful of royal children. You may have seen Mrs. MacDermott's *décor* in the



FIRST-NIGHTERS AT "SIXTH FLOOR": LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

The former Countess Nada and Countess Anastasia Torby are sisters and were two of the many who hied to the St. James's Theatre for the first night of Rodney Ackland's adaptation of Alfred Gehri's play, *Sixth Floor* which has pleased some of the critics



ALSO AT THE "SIXTH FLOOR" PREMIÈRE: MAJOR LORD VIVIAN AND THE HON. MRS. TONY VIVIAN

Lord Vivian is still in the Reserve of Officers of his old regiment, the 17th Lancers, linked now for some years with the 21st. The Hon. Mrs. Tony Vivian is his daughter-in-law, wife of the heir, and was formerly Miss Victoria Oliphant

And the World said—*continued*

Carlton Hotel, or her *Battle of Culloden* panels at Inverness.

The end of this Irish budget (invariably written on green paper!) and the first lines from my Wessex agent concern engagements. Captain G. K. Graham, lawn tennis adept, and son of the Dean of Kildare, is marrying a Sussex girl, Nancy James, while Lady Duprée's Margaret Marcella Marion has accepted Donald Browne, of Blandford, Dorset, and Iris Parke, of Moreton, in the same county, is making an Empire alliance with a son of the Bishop of Algoma, Ontario. There is much interest in and about Dorchester in the Thomas Hardy Memorial Room which Mr. John Masefield, *alias* the King's Canary, opened in Dorset County Museum with the declaration that Hardy has influenced English poets more than any poet since Browning. I beg to differ, but this is no place for poetic licence, so we will leave Lord Shaftesbury taking possession of the Hardy collection on behalf of the museum's trustees. By the way, he and Lady Shaftesbury have paid their first visit to Madresfield for some years, spending a family week-end with her nephew, Lord Beauchamp, and his Danish-born *châtelaine*. Good weather is a boon to the scheme for opening worthwhile Wessex gardens on fixed days. Lady Digby organizes this, and the Japanese cherry avenue at Minterne is a great attraction, also the St. John Hornbys' garden at Chantmarle. Those who saw Lady Blackford's bluebell walk through sheets of rain were warmed by tea and sherry at Compton Castle afterwards. The Blackmore Vale Puppy Show was well attended; the Master, Colonel Wingfield Digby, being full of his successful fishing expedition to Sutherlandshire. The "Earth-Stoppers" luncheon was another healthy event, followed by a spirited clay-pigeon shoot. Major Phipps-Hornby, Colonel Denis Boles (who now lives at Galhampton) and Colonel Howell Evans were among those shooting for the members' against the keepers' team.

It is too early to say anything about shooting prospects in Scotland, as the grouse were still in infancy when I was there ten days ago, but prospects in regard to shooting tenants are lamentable. The London business-man will be a very rare bird this season and the American practically extinct, unless something favourable happens, such as Hitler changing his make-up, or Mussolini having the vapours. I see the Duce's audiences are still shouting "To Paris!" without moving a foot in that direction. No one in Paris seems to mind, which must be galling to the shouters, unless they are merely stretching their tonsils with these syllables instead of "Ah Mimi." In Paris the hats—a subject I apologize for writing about two weeks running—are now mostly *canotiers*, trimmed with flowers, fruits or vegetables; occasionally plain with only a veil, and almost always secured by a ribbon instead of elastic. Segora Martinez de Hoz has a honeysuckle hat with black ribbons falling down the back of her neck; the Begum's black straw with birds is evidently her favourite, as she wore it again at Epsom; Madame Lopez goes to Longchamp in an innocent panama plus cornflowers; Madame Jean Ralli's scarf is embroidered with wasps; Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme goes to balls in a full skirt and tight top of mauve *faïlle*; Mlle Donine de Saint-Sauveur (whose charming father came over for Epsom to White's, of which he is one of the two French members) a delicious *jeune fille* number, half black muslin, half *broderie anglaise*. The most appropriately dressed young girls at London balls continue to be Lady Sarah

Spencer-Churchill and Lady Elizabeth Scott. The latter will automatically take part in the autumn season on the Border where Lord and Lady Brackley have taken a house near Earlston. Lord and Lady Montgomerie (Edinburgh's dimpled Ursula Watson) are farming one of his uncle Lord Stair's places, and she is having a baby in September, about a month after Lady Lovat's. Another Scottish happy event-to-be concerns the Robert Bairds of Lennoxlove; yet another Lord and Lady Belhaven. Robert Baird's handsome, middle sister Margaret, now Mrs. Marcus Spurway, is living at Haddington in the house which used to belong to Mrs. David Balfour's grandfather; in fact, Haddington is quite a social centre with North Berwick in the offing. It was the scene of the said Balfours' baby's christening. Tiny Ariadne Maria had so many godparents and so much champagne versed on her account

that I must be excused from remembering their names. This lounge-suit gathering took place after a snack at the swell *Apéritif* on Frederick Street, between Princes and George as Americans would place it, and before a tea at the maternal grandparents, the Peels. The baby wore her great-grandfather's robe. He was the first baron Kinross, a brilliant Lord President of the Court of Session, which office is now filled by Lord Normand, whose nephew, R. J. Normand, helps recruit for the 9th Royal Scots by driving a tank, with caution, round Peeblesshire once a week. All the young Scots seem to have taken on military responsibilities. David Balfour commands a T.A. battery (the Gunners in Edinburgh got nine hundred recruits in a fortnight) in which distiller Ian MacKinley and brewer Charles Younger (husband of the fair Joanna) hold commissions. Norman Patullo and Ian Pitman, each married to an Edinburgh beauty, are in The Lothian and Border Horse (tanks) and others serving under "Harry" Younger include "Ronnie" Watson (brother of the said Lady Montgomerie), Herbert Graham (brother of Mrs. "Johnny" Menzies), and "Ronnie" Robertson (brother of the glamorous Mrs. "Billy" Clyde, whose baby will be born in America). Dark warning. All males born in Argentina are called up eighteen years later for military service, even if they leave the country as infants.



STRUGGLE AT THE SHAFTESBURY

Luise Rainer as the French maid and Evelyn Roberts as the suicidally inclined head of the house in *Behold the Bride* which opened last week. It is a case of behold Miss Rainer in Jacques Deval's comedy, for the so renowned film star fills the stage in the liveliest and most entertaining fashion

Before the Brackleys settled into Carolside they attended York Races, where the wind was straight off the ice. The Scropes, Fevershams, Hugh Stobarts, Durhams, Jack Feildens, Vane-Tempests, Grimthorpes, Christopher Beckett, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham (inevitably the best dressed, in spite of a mink cover); Lord Amherst of Hackney (whose filly had a popular win); Henry Cecil, Lord Hopetoun and his *fiancée*, were among the socially celebrated in a smallish attendance. The cold cramped polo at Toulston afterwards, but Boston Spa won the spring tournament from Agden, which had an engaged couple on its side, "Mike" Moseley and Miss "Tibby" Holt, with "Billy" Filmer-Sanke and brother Moseley as two and back. Douglas Riley-Smith, whose father fathers Toulston polo, was in the winning team, and that nice soldier with the long name, Capt. R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, played for the Wrens

Tomorrow, June 1, the Bahamas Development Board in Berkeley Square stage a reunion of Nassau fans at the opening of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's exhibition. This celebrated water colourist paid a long painting visit to Nassau last winter and has perfectly caught the atmosphere of the romantic harbour in some enchanting seascapes.

Mayfair conversation: "What are you wearing at the Naughty Nineties' Party?" Answer: "My jet, and a bang."

"ROI REINE ONT RECONQUIS LE CANADA!"



THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE SIGNING OF THE GOLDEN BOOK
IN THE CITY HALL OF MONTREAL: NEXT TO HIS MAJESTY, MAYOR HOUDE



THE KING AND QUEEN IN QUEBEC
GAZING ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM



HER MAJESTY AND MR. MACKENZIE KING
IN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

The heading to this page of pictures, which were flown to this country in the *Yankee Clipper*, most fittingly epitomizes the whole story of the royal tour in Canada. It is a quotation from a French-Canadian paper in Quebec and conveyed a very felicitous reference to what happened on the Heights of Abraham in 1759, when two gallant generals, Wolfe the attacker and Montcalm the defender, both fell in that desperate encounter which gave Quebec to England. Quebec's enthusiasm has been matched all along the line of Their Majesties' progression. Montreal's reception, in that surprisingly beautiful city, over which Mount Royal stands guard, was even more magnificent if that can be said to be possible, and during it the King and Queen visited the summit, where stands Jacques Cartier's Cross. In Ottawa, the capital, though the welcome was of necessity more bound by ceremonial, the expression of sincere affection was the underlying note. In his speech in the Houses of Parliament, the King spoke both in English and in French. The picture of Her Majesty the Queen was taken with the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, whilst the King was speaking



IN THE "PETER THE GREAT" FILM

This film, based on Tolstoy's great story, is eventually arriving at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, and the date will probably be about June 20. In the picture above are Tarassova as Catherine, and M. Jarov as the faithful Menchikov, one of the few people Peter had around him who ran straight. The film was made in Russia by the Len Corporation, and has been shown in Switzerland but nowhere else

MY DEAR CHARLES:

IF "Who's Who in the Theatre" tells the truth, you will be forty on July 1 this year. In other words, you are at that point when a great actor is beginning his career. I will not take up valuable space to show that Kean, Macready, Phelps, Irving, and nearly all the great players of history attained after the age of forty heights to which they had not previously risen. But so far have you definitely resigned the stage that I am surprised still to find you in Mr. John Parker's "Who's Who," where at most I should expect to find the information that you had departed your stage life on the day you took up the films. I would not mind this so much if I could think that after forty you will attain heights as a film-actor which you have not hitherto achieved. But, alas, I see no signs of this! As an actor proper you were the most versatile player on our stage. As a film-actor I see nothing in your future except dwindling fame and a succession of noses.

Has it ever occurred to you that the majority of filmgoers for whose plaudits you are so pathetically anxious are unaware that you ever had a stage career? Let me refresh their minds and yours. As I remember your best stage parts, they are these. One, Epikhodov, the frustrated young man in *The Cherry Orchard*. Two, the boor and lout of the Bohemian fair-ground in *Liliom*. Three, the sleepy-eyed, velvet-handed, senile Russian judge in *The Greater Love*. Four, the bumptious, oily Italian journalist in Pirandello's *Naked*. Five, the jealous American in *The Happy Husband*, who looked as if he had come out of one of the glossier American magazines. Six, Count Pahlen in *Paul I*, a performance of slow-moving, irresistible momentum. Seven, Mr. Prohack in the play of that name, a witty portrait drawn from contemporary life and manners. Eight, *The Man with Red Hair*, an excursion into the horrific in which you cleverly contrived to indicate a good many unpleasant things which Sir Hugh Walpole had glossed over. Nine, the French detective in *Alibi*. Ten, the pathetically ugly fellow in *Beauty*. Eleven, the footballer-hero of *The Silver Tassie*. Twelve, the brigadier in *French Leave*. Thirteen, the gangster Tony Perelli in *On the Spot*. Fourteen, William Marble, the humble little murderer in *Payment Deferred*—and perhaps I may remind you that I spent the greater part of two years in persuading you to undertake this brilliant and haunting interpretation! Fifteen, Lopakhin in *The Cherry Orchard*, a piece of acting of which at the time I was content to write: "Mr. Laughton, as was to be expected, made more of Lopakhin than has ever been made in this country. But, as was also to be expected, this great artiste put no more into the character than Tchekhov intended." Sixteen, Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, a masterly and unforgettable study in tortured hypocrisy. But need I go on? Is it not obvious that in the estimation

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Open Letter to Charles Laughton

of at least one critic you have been a great actor?

And for what, may I ask, have you exchanged this career of vivid achievement? By what will you be remembered, in the shadowy way in which film people are remembered, as a screen actor? By *The Private Life of Henry VIII* in which you made the unskilful laugh and the judicious grieve? I think not. By that part of a butler who in the intervals of butlering recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" or something of the sort? I cannot believe so. By your Captain Bligh? Possibly. In my opinion your two finest performances as a screen actor have been Rembrandt, and Javert in *Les Misérables*. Would it surprise you to hear that whenever I hear your film work discussed these two parts are never mentioned? I shall leave you to strike the balance between your two careers as they present themselves to one looking at them faithfully and dispassionately. You may say—and it is a good point—that parity is not possible, because while the Theatre is a great art, the Film is a business endeavouring to become an art, and that it is to these endeavours that you have purposely lent your own artistry. Then why are you not cast, or do you not cast yourself for the great rôles? Why are you not the English Tartuffe? Why, since Jean Gabin can and does play the engine driver in *La Bête Humaine*, do you not play the drunkard in *L'Assommoir*? Why throw yourself away on nonsense like your present film? Why in the legitimate theatre are you not playing a part like that of the tutor in *The Intruder*? Why do you not play Claudius in *Hamlet*?

Is it possible that you have been seduced by the fun of directing or semi-directing? I remember an afternoon when you invited me to watch the filming of a scene from *St. Martin's Lane*. I recall sitting for three hours in the stalls of a theatre while interminably they photographed and re-photographed somebody conducting an orchestra. I recall your preoccupation with miles and miles of rubber tubing, and your solicitude as to the position of this and that arc-lamp. Hundreds of people sat about offering you incense, and I suppose as much money was spent that afternoon as would stage a new production at the Old Vic. It all struck me as pitiful. Have you read Gielgud on film-acting in his new book:

"I hate the long endless day of spasmodic work—a week or more in the same set, littered with cables and lights and half-dismantled at every point except the small section on which the camera is directed. I detest the lack of continuity, which demands that I should idiotically walk twenty times down a corridor, with a suitcase in my hand, to enter the door of a room in which I played some important scene three weeks ago. 'Let me see, that was the suit you were wearing. Now do you remember your tie was hanging out, and your handkerchief was tucked into your pocket? Right! Shoot!' Then there is the discomfort of the 'dolly' shots—when a camera pursues you on a track while you are walking or dancing, or swoops down on you from a crane—and the close-ups, when the heroine is not called, and you play the big moment of your emotional scene with her in her absence, with the camera a yard away. 'Now, please, look just two inches to the right of this piece of paper. That represents Miss —'s face. Just think right, and let the expression come into your eyes.'"

Is this what you used to call acting? You may say: "No, James, it is what I call film-acting!" I would not so much mind if this preposterous nonsense was the film's method of impressing your art into its service. But does it? It is my opinion that you are not in the new medium the great artiste you were in the old. On the stage you were as great an actor as on the screen are Baur and Jannings. What of the future? Are you going down to history as the great actor who sold his artistic birthright for a mess of pottage, and did not get the pottage?

Yours sincerely,

JAMES AGATE.

THE DERBY BALL AT



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH
(left) SIR JOHN MILBANKE AND "THE
HON. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE



COMMANDER COLIN
BUIST AND LADY
LONG

GROSVENOR HOUSE



THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH
WITH HER ELDER DAUGHTER,
LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT



LADY BEAUCHAMP TAKING THE FLOOR
WITH THE HON. DAVID HERBERT



LADY WHITNEY STRAIGHT, LORD
ADARE AND MRS. JOHN RYAN



THE HON. MRS. PETER PLEYDELL-
BOUVERIE AND PRINCE ALI KHAN



MISS ELIZABETH LEVESON-GOWER
AND LORD TOWNSEND

This year's Derby Ball at Grosvenor House let us hope was as satisfactory financially as were its various predecessors for the cause in aid of which it is held, the maternity ward of the Royal Northern Hospital. Royalty, in the persons of T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Kent, honoured the occasion, having previously been the guests at dinner of the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, who was joint-chairman with Lady Milbanke. Both the chairmen and the committee must have been satisfied with the results of all the hard work they put in. It is not on record whether any one produced an absolutely "infallible" for the Derby, but there were programmes and buttonholes with "lucky" numbers on sale. H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent, together with Sir John Milbanke and the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie (the youngest of Lord Radnor's sons) as will be noticed did not manage to evade the camera's searchlight, neither did some others who are closely connected to the Royal House, the Duchess of Buccleuch and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Scott. Her Grace was one of those who gave a pre-ball dinner party. Only one owner was shot, Prince Ali Khan (Pointis), but when the sniper got him he was too busy dancing with one of the chairmen to have been likely to be imparting any valuable information. The Duchess of Sutherland, who was another of the many hospitable dinner hostesses to aid things by bringing a party, had her kinswoman, Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower in it (see left with the young Marquess Townshend). Miss Leveson-Gower is heiress presumptive to the Barony of Strathnaver and the Earldom of Sutherland. The pictures of every one are probably sufficiently eloquent of the fact that a good time was had by all.



LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND
DR. MALCOLM SARGENT

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE man in the street knows little or nothing of the organization and finance of racing in this country and it may be a matter of some interest and no little wonderment to him how owners and the public stand for it.

There is no other country in the world—and I don't except even the outposts of Empire like Ceylon, the Malay States or Jamaica—where the public are charged so extravagantly or given so little, the owners are bled so white or the totalizer—well, read the figures.

English racing is under the absolute control of an unpaid, self-elected body of men—the Jockey Club. Holding the confidence of the entire racing world by their integrity and straightforwardness, there is not a single one of us who would have the system altered. At the same time, many of these gentlemen are extremely busy, and, hard as they try, have not the time to compete with the vested interests so closely linked with the pressing needs for alteration and improvement. It will be seen from the list of them that the greater percentage are far more interested in breeding than in ownership.

Directly under the Jockey Club is Newmarket Heath, comprising the race-course and gallops. Ascot is the property of the Ascot authorities, Doncaster and now Lincoln of the Town Corporation, York of a public-spirited committee, and Goodwood of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, but with few exceptions the remainder are public companies run for profit. They are banded together under the Race Course Association.

In any other branch of the entertainment world, the project stands or falls by the standard of entertainment it produces, the comfort and amenities it gives its patrons and its prices. These are regulated by competition. In racing this is not so. A race-course company procures a licence and fixture dates from the Jockey Club and thereafter, barring a few regulations to which it must conform, including the prohibition of dividends of more than ten per cent being paid on the ordinary shares and certain details of its racing programme, it does as it likes. The race-courses have their association and the Jockey Club behind them. The owners and public appear to have no one; *vide*, the distribution of tote profits.

Asking a highly-placed Turf official why a certain meeting with a bad, dangerous course and shocking amenities was allowed to go on and why this course was not amalgamated with a modern, up-to-date course, the only answer he could give was that the course in question was the sole means of support of the — family. They had not the capital to improve the amenities. The course was incapable of improvement and the family resolutely refused to sell.

It seems very one-sided not to consider the jockeys who have to ride, the owners who have to run and the public who have to put up with it instead of this one obstinate family.

The man in the street naturally asks, "Why run at this meeting or attend it?"

The answer is that the fixture is usually on a Saturday when the public can go racing and there is no other meeting on that day, nor can a licence be obtained for one near enough to be in competition with it. The owners cannot form an association and boycott it because the larger, richer owners probably don't go—only run their bad horses there—don't care—or

else do not wish to endanger their chances of being elected to the Jockey Club.

Every now and then improvements are made voluntarily, or possibly under Jockey Club orders, but here again there is an odd anomaly. Grants are made from money taken from the public through the tote to improve the stands, amenities, courses, and the property generally of the race-course companies. Surely this is up to the courses themselves.

York race-course is run, I understand, to pay its way on a no-profit basis. The result is no race at any meeting is of less value than £400. There are plenty of races of £1,000 or more. They have all modern improvements and comforts, and, in consequence, some of the best racing in England, while a guest member can race for three days for about four pounds.

Another course in the south capitalized at £300,000 pays ten per cent and, with directors' fees, takes about £35,000 profit. Its car park is a joke, the stands are only semi-covered and its added money is quite insignificant.

To try to be constructive, while fully realizing the technical difficulties and snags to be encountered:

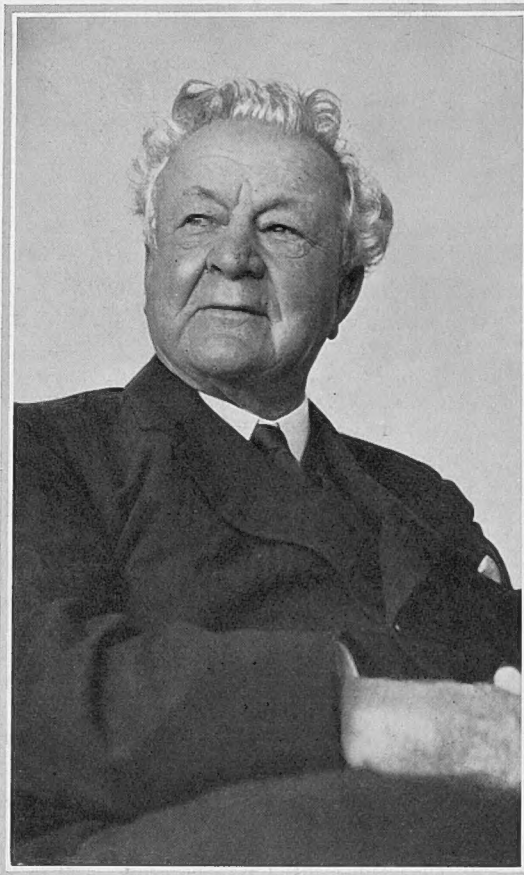
First, could it not be laid down that courses must give a certain *proportion* of their profit to added money, reduction of entry fees, reduction of cost of admission and improvements? In this percentage method the incidence is fair on struggling courses besides making the wealthy courses do something for the game. One can see that some courses cannot be expanded, and on big days are so crowded at the present price of admission that any reduction in admission fees would hopelessly overcrowd them. These could improve their stakes and give comfort amounting to luxury such as even wooden duck boards to save sitting on the cold stone steps of the stands, which isn't much to ask. Courses that cannot get a living and provide good racing and accommodation could be amalgamated with and given shares in another more prosperous course that serves the same public without hurting anybody.

The argument that courses would not stand the extra racing thrown on them is not borne out by Newmarket, where, in the spring and autumn, often the wettest times of the year, three meetings are held in five weeks. On round courses, if the going became cut up, the track could be shifted out with "dolls." This amalgamation saves "overheads" for courses and tote.

Secondly, catering has always been a very sore point with the public, who are expected to eat as a rule rather moderate food served anyhow at an exorbitant price for what it is. The reason for it is this. Race-course

catering is tendered for by various firms and a contract given to the highest bidder, not necessarily to the one who gives the greatest satisfaction. One well-known course in the south charges the caterer over £1,000 for the privilege, while at a certain big jumping meeting a firm secured the contract by offering to give *no less than twenty per cent on its turnover*. What a chance the public have who suffer by this amount. In addition to this, if the same caterer worked the whole of one district he could have good whole-time waiters instead of casual labour, and work on wholesale lines. If any group of race-courses would put their heads together, select a good caterer, charge him a reasonable premium on the bars, and sack him if he became unsatisfactory, what a difference it would make to the racegoer. With four figures extra to play with, the contractor would be careful to keep his job, and we should live on plover's eggs, visible whiskies and sodas and be properly served. A racegoer is considered fair game anywhere. At one Lincoln hotel during race week one is charged 2s. 6d. for a pot of tea. Surely Mr. Smith, or is it Mr. Bennett, of Lincoln, doesn't pay that in the

(Continued on page xiv)



A GRAND OLD MAN OF RACING, SIR ABE BAILEY

This exclusive picture of one of the most famous figures on the Turf was taken at Sir Abe Bailey's South African home, Rust-en-Vrede, Muizenberg, just before he sailed for England for, as he said, "the last time" and specially to see his colt, Fairstone, run in the Derby. Sir Abe Bailey at the time of going to press, has never won the Derby, but here's hoping

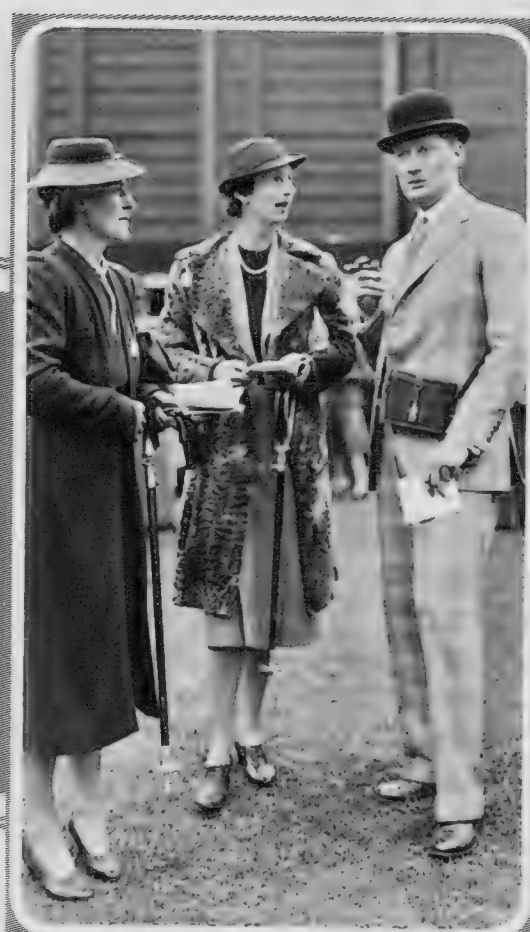
PLAYING THE HORSES UP NORTH AT HAMILTON PARK



MRS. J. M. C. MACKENZIE, HUSBAND, THE LAIRD OF DOLPHINTON, AND MISS MARGARET MACKENZIE



'I GOTTA 'NORSE!': MR. CHARLES FORBES PICKS ONE FOR MISS JEAN BURNS OF CUMBERNAULD



MISS MONA MITCHELL, MRS. WILLIAM FINLAYSON, AND MR. KEN SCOTT



MRS. A. S. COWAN AND MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS TENNANT



SIR JOHN ST. V. FOX AND MRS. ANTHONY MARSHALL



MR. GEOFFREY MILLAR, MR. R. G. SIMPSON, AND MRS. MILLAR

Good fields and amusing racing, but sillier not so easy to come by as all that, were the leading notes the day these pictures were taken. Perhaps some of them let one by when they omitted to back "Dinna Forget" in the last race of the day. This steed, unmentioned in the betting, bolted before the start, was brought back, and then came out and won his race by four lengths. Sir John St. Vigor Fox was doing a stipendiary steward's job at the meeting, and no doubt will na' forget "Dinna Forget"! Mrs. Anthony Marshall, who is with him, is the wife of one of Hamilton Park's three permanent Stewards and she also seems amused. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Millar are with another "regular," Mr. R. G. Simpson, who also races south of the Border. With Mrs. Cowan are two of the keenest supporters of the old Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds.

Mr. Charles Forbes, the Laird of Callendar, seen signalling a likely one, married a daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Hotham.



Harlip

MISS DIANA SHANKS

The pretty step-daughter of Mr. Edward Shanks, the well-known poet, author and reviewer of books. When he was up at Cambridge, Mr. Shanks edited *The Granta*, and in 1919 won the Hawthornden Prize for Imaginative Literature.

younger! As Edna Ferber declares in her delightful autobiography, "A Peculiar Treasure" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.): "But who now envies youth? Not I. And that this should be so is the most terrible indictment of the human race and of the once civilised world." You have to be very young to hate blindly, and the very air itself is nowadays full of the propaganda of hatred. You have to be very young to believe in the immediate miracle of an ideology (disgusting word!), and the world is full of thought-charlatans. As you grow older most people become more liberal, but there is no desire for liberalism in these years of a deliberate mental befogging. So no wonder that even those elderly people who used in the old days to long for the Promised Land (but only after every possible doctor has been called in to try his best to prevent them from going there) are inwardly much more resigned to risking it—whatever the promise may turn out to be. In the belief that whatever it is it couldn't be much worse, their relatives unhesitatingly suggest "at rest" as a suitable epitaph for them! We have become suspicious of progress, which, in reality, is only change.

And the reason for the present state of transformation is treated psychologically by Peter F. Drucker in his remarkable book, "The End of Economic Man" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). One has so often wondered why millions of people, especially in Europe, not only live hopefully under dictators, but actually seem to welcome their existence. Mr. Drucker seeks to answer this question from the point of view of psychology as well as economics. He, himself, was born in Vienna, attended the universities of Hamburg and Frankfurt, was four years on the staff of the *Frankfurter General Anzeiger* as financial editor, then as foreign editor, and afterwards as assistant chief editor in charge of politics, economics and finance. He has travelled throughout

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Another Outlook.

THEY say there is nothing new under the sun, but I sometimes wonder whether it has ever happened before in the history of the world that, roughly, ninety per cent. of people of a very certain age do not in the very least wish themselves to be thirty years

Europe and the Near East, lived in London as adviser for British insurance companies and for an international banking house, and is at present living in New York. He knows what he is talking about, so far as events are concerned, but the theme of his book is to show how inevitably these events came about and how, for the moment anyway, the complaisant reaction to them, especially in Germany and Italy, is sustained by that desperate kind of hope which is the companion of despair.

And the cause of this despair is the knowledge that the capitalist system, as well as the socialist and communist systems, have been tried, found wanting, and, indeed, offer no real freedom and liberty and happiness to any country which is following them. They have failed ignominiously, and there now remains only the hope that perhaps a new ideal of human happiness, based on something other than the economic freedom which is supposed to reflect prosperity, will evolve. Nothing, as yet, remains, however, for the ordinary man and woman but the secret desire for a miracle which will give them human freedom with human dignity: work with a moral purpose, a human significance, and an idealistic inspiration. Not work for work's sake, not living for the sake of life, but the means of self-expression in some self-justified civilisation. Dictatorship seems to promise such a millennium. Though it be a mirage, hope-thinking tries desperately to believe that eventually it will become the looked-for miracle—this miracle which seems more and more to be the only thing which will save humanity from complete anarchy. Herr Drucker's description of how the dictators seek desperately to surround their rule with magic is illuminating.

Pageantry, noisy propaganda, the fear of any going-back (if such were possible), the necessity for finding demons whose perpetual threats can alone keep the crowd welded together in self-defence—all are cunningly planned to prevent freedom of thought, while at the same time giving the illusion of freedom of action; the whole presenting a psychological significance, rather than either an economic or even a racial one. The old gods are dead, or have been found wanting. The new ones have not yet appeared. Failing a god, an image is something to live and die for. "The gods of bourgeois capitalism, of Marxist socialism have failed, because in them," the writer asserts, "economic satisfactions alone appear

socially important and relevant. Economic positions, economic privileges, and economic rights are those for which man works. For these he wages war, and for these he is prepared to die. All others seem mere hypocrisy, snobbism, or romantic nonsense." That is why both, especially Marxist socialism, have lost the battle.

The description in this book of how, in Russia and Germany, and, to a great extent in Italy, the dictators have tried to blind the eyes of their adherents by the belief that free entertainments, free holidays, free access into palaces, pleasure grounds and private parks is proof positive of a new equality, belong to that ironical humour which must surely make the angels split their sides laughing. So their adherents march forward, not so much in growing belief that they are

(Continued on page 388.)



THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON

The Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, D.D., formerly Bishop of Chester, has succeeded Dr. Winnington-Ingram as Bishop of London. Dr. Fisher was at one time Headmaster of Repton, and Mrs. Fisher is a granddaughter of another Headmaster of Repton, Dr. S. A. Pears. They have six sons, and the two seen in the picture are Richard and Bobby (right)



YEHUDI MENUHIN—THE VIRTUOSO

This amazing genius was born in New York in 1917 and made his first public appearance, as a soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, in 1924. And he brought down the house—a boy of just about seven. New York, Paris, Berlin, London (début 1929) all acclaimed him, as well they might, for few who had preceded him were his equals; fewer still his superiors. In 1934-35 Menuhin went on his first world tour, returning to the concert stage in 1937-38; then a little rest on a ranch which he owns in California; then, as we in London know, back to us a greater master than ever, if that be possible. Last year he married in London Miss Nola Nicholas, a charming young Australian.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

advancing anywhere, but from the knowledge that there is no going back, and the fear that once the miracle is dissipated only the abyss of reality faces them. Consequently, the dictators must preserve this miracle or perish. Mr. Drucker declares: "This collapse will come as soon as there is an alternative to the belief in the demonic nature of the leader—that is, as soon as there is a new order and a new creed. But—and that is the mainspring of totalitarian successes and strength—it cannot come otherwise."

"There can be no doubt that the masses, in their great majority, will continue to worship their self-invented demon out of sheer despair as long as the only alternative is the vacuum. There can be no doubt that ninety-nine per cent. of the German or of the Italian people would at once rally round any new order which would provide a rational society and a rational world in which the individual would again have a rational place and a rational function." Thus his book seeks to bring a psychological explanation into the present world unrest—an explanation which has nothing whatever to do with racial self-determination, power politics, or hatred and applause by dictation. The sore is spiritual. Sectarian religion cannot help. It has so often tried and failed, while the most far-reaching efforts of practical Christianity have been exiled, not outside religion, but outside the representative churches. However much you may disagree with certain theories propounded in "The End of Economic Man" I shall be surprised if you do not find it one of the most suggestive and thought-compelling books on the present world-situation which has been published since the crisis of last September first brought the optimistic wish-thinking of this country suddenly up against present realities.

Thoughts from "The End of Economic Man."

"Men differ in their perceptive capacity chiefly in their ability to see movement. All of us can see what is static and at rest. It is the gifted eye that discerns the pattern and rhythm of the motions of complex drama of forces."

"Communism—the world-revolution of yesterday—has not only been forced to admit that it has become purely defensive, but also that it has lost its fight."

"Progress without the promise of freedom is no blessing."

"The anonymous soldier in the trenches, the equally anonymous worker on the assembly line, are fundamental symbols of this new concept of man."

"Nobody can live all the time in the atmosphere of a revivalist meeting; but this atmosphere must be maintained in order to maintain totalitarianism."

Events as They Occurred.

As a kind of earlier-companion-volume to read I suggest Sir Philip Gibbs' "Across the Frontiers" (Michael Joseph), a new five-shilling edition of an already famous book, entirely brought up to date with 20,000 words of important additional matter. It is the whole tragic story of European politics since Versailles until to-day, told concisely, dramatically, and with full understanding of all its varied

aspects. And what a story! When you are not, with the author, boiling in righteous indignation at the blindness and ineptitude of most statesmen since the Great War, you could weep at the ghastly *impasse* into which Europe has now been driven. It is the political story of selfishness, personal ambition, jealousy, revenge, despair to which all the great nations of Europe have added their contribution. It shows how a little real foresight, a little more understanding, a little more honesty, and a little less furtive self-seeking diplomacy might have given Europe that new earth for which millions of men fought and died in the Great War.

Now it is too late—that is the tragic side of the story. What remains is to save the human crash before it is beyond control. Make the best of what inevitably had to become a bad business. And nobody has told so well this sequence of events and its consequences as Philip Gibbs tells it here. He clears, so to speak, the labyrinth of its accumulation of mental rubble by which the ordinary man and woman cannot see exactly why the world has got into its present mess, nor perceive that even at the eleventh hour there may just possibly be a way out. The book gives one an extraordinarily clear insight into the manner in which events have occurred, and how the consequences of them were inevitable. To read the book, especially with its large amount of additional matter, bringing it up-to-date, is to understand better the political history of Europe since the Armistice, and to be as much enthralled by the story as one is appalled by the tragic sequence of its events.

Thoughts from "Across the Frontiers."

"Out of Communism sprang Fascism."

"The Press of democracy is only as free as its advertisers, its proprietors, its political interests, allow it to be."

"High politics are not so friendly as the common folk."

"Under the pressure of economic distress, racial urges, and political passion, we are drifting back to barbarism. That is one of the realities of the modern

world about which we need have no illusion."

A Good Laugh at Last.

Well, why not? Laughter is at least sane. Which same cannot always be said of anger and never of hatred. So here is Mr. Heath Robinson's "Let's Laugh" (Hutchinson; 5s.), which easily does all it sets out to do—make us grin with delight one hundred and sixteen times—that is, a laugh on every page. Heath Robinson's comic invention grows no less. Indeed, it is at the very top of its inventive form in this amusing volume. Even the political situation becomes easier to endure as we look at the man trying to shave who has inadvertently forgotten to remove his gas-mask. And among so many others, I loved "The Poacher," "The Home-made Turkish Bath," and the series "How to Build a Bungalow." Most people would have to be in a tragic pass indeed not to find laughter in this new Heath Robinson book. It suggests "Let's laugh"—and *we do!*



Pearl Freeman

"WAKERS'" DAUGHTER

Joan, eldest daughter of Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P. for the Swindon Division, and Mrs. Wakefield. Miss Wakefield was presented early this year, and a dance is being given for her at her home, 1, Avenue Road, N.W.8, on July 12. As the world knows, "Wakers" has been capped many times for England, whose Rugger side he has captained. Cambridge, Harlequins, R.A.F., etc., tell the rest of his football career



MAUREEN O'HARA FROM THE GREEN ISLE

TWO FILM LOVELIES



CLOSE-UP OF CLAIRE TREVOR

Neil Scott



SHE STEPS TO CONQUER: CLAIRE TREVOR

After several seasons in motion-pictures, playing a wide variety of parts with ever-increasing sureness of touch, Claire Trevor should be assured stardom, following her dramatic leading rôle in the new Walter Wanger production *Stagecoach*, a historically interesting Wild West picture of pioneering days, which John (*Hurricane*) Ford directs. These two versions of Miss Trevor make it obvious that she has no difficulty in registering charm. Meet, too, a lovely young Irish discovery, Maureen O'Hara, feminine lead in *Jamaica Inn*. This Pommer-Laughton film of Miss Daphne du Maurier's novel, which stars Charles Laughton, with Leslie Banks and Emylyn Williams in support, has proved a great draw at the Regal and is still showing

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



A GOLFING ACE GOES RACING

Henry Cotton being inducted into the mysteries of the turf (which are manifold) at Hamilton Park by Mr. Oswald Barclay, the secretary. In between them is Mme. de Moss, a lady on a visit from Belgium

was fortunate enough to win a scratch prize at Littlestone, on the occasion of the opening of Major R. C. G. Middleton's new dormy-house—and may I add that the said dormy-house is the very last word in elegance and comfort, and is to be borne in mind by anyone who cares for a pleasant week-end's seaside golf and a bedroom, with bathroom attached, overlooking the beach.

The prize, I may say, was a voucher for a couple of guineas, "inclusive of engraving," and was drawn on the local professional. I remarked casually that I thought I would get a pair of golf shoes with it; whereupon I was howled down, especially by the ladies present, who stated that articles of clothing were taboo, and it was a crime against the laws of amateur status to use a voucher in this manner. "I could take a golf-club, they said, or golf-balls, but there was a law banning "articles of apparel."

I suggested that the Ladies' Golf Union might have some such regulation, but then they have regulations for every mortal action of the woman golfer. On the other hand, I had heard of no such law applying to male golfers. Indeed, it is so long since I won such a voucher that I had not given the matter a thought for some years. Opinion, however, remained against me, and I have now decided that my prize must be twenty-one golf-balls—for what use is one and a half clubs in these days of matched sets?

Frankly, and I dare say you agree, I am all in favour of drawing prize-vouchers on the local professional, for it brings a little grist to what is only too often rather an empty mill. On the other hand, the intention of the donors of vouchers is presumably that the recipient may get himself some permanent object, "inclusive of engraving," to commemorate his victory. And the professional sells nothing permanent. If I must exchange the voucher with the professional, surely my golf-shoes would be rather more permanent than my twenty-one golf-balls?

The point is purely academic, for we are not troubled in golf with the widespread "cashing" of vouchers that has for so long discredited a good many amateur lawn-tennis players. All the same, I should welcome your views on

If there is anything that bores me more than a discussion on amateur status, it is a discussion on the Rules of Golf. This week we will have a little of each. Now, the other day I

the subject. Do you agree that if your voucher is drawn on the local professional, you should be permitted, morally as well as otherwise, to exchange it for anything he sells?

The other point I wish to mention concerning one's interpretation of the rules, arises from an incident in a replay between Hector Thomson and Jack McLean for the Northern "Open Championship." I can describe it only from what I have read, but the position is clear enough. Thomson drove into a bush, and after weighing up the prospects of hacking the ball out, decided to play it rather than deem it unplayable and return to play three from the tee. His effort failed, and now the ball really was completely unplayable. He picked it up, dropped it clear of the bush, and played on. How many had he played? The referee said four; others said five. Again the point is only an academic one, for Thomson lost the replay, in any case.

Rule 22 says that if the ball "be unplayable the player shall play his next stroke as nearly as possible at the spot from which the ball which is unplayable was played, adding a penalty stroke . . ." It seems to me, therefore, that if you hack the ball from a semi-playable lie into an unplayable lie you must



FINALISTS IN THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss C. M. Park and Miss Jessie Anderson leaving the first tee at Turnberry in the championship final, which Miss Anderson won at the nineteenth hole, after a stern fight all the way

drop your ball in the original semi-playable lie—or else invoke the special Stroke Play rule, which permits you at any time to pick up your ball and tee it, for a penalty of two strokes. Or do you think that "as nearly as possible" means "as nearly as possible in such a position as will give you a reasonable chance to get a reasonable shot at the ball"? Once again I leave you to decide.



CYRIL TOLLEY AT HOYLAKE

At the time this picture has to go to press the Amateur champion of 1920 and 1929 had not been in action in this year's contest. Cyril Tolley has not been tipped to win, but he is a dangerous intervener at any time

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



HENLEY GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

The course of the Henley Golf Club is laid out in a delightful situation on the Harpsden Heights, a mile from Henley-on-Thames. Although so near to the river, the course is laid around, and on top of, a great plateau that rises to nearly 250 feet above sea level and has a subsoil of gravel and chalk. The course was made by James Braid in 1907, and opened for play in the following year. The individual holes have undergone many alterations and improvements since then, but Braid's general design, which makes the best possible use of the attractive natural features of the ground, is still retained. It is a truly delightful course, of which the members—a most hospitable lot—are justly proud

ROYALTY AT THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER
WITH THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, LADY
VICTORIA SCOTT, AND LADY BICESTER



THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL MASON AT THE
RINGSIDE WITH MR. M. W. STANDRING



CAPTAIN D. P. LITHGOW, HON. DIRECTOR

This year's Oxfordshire County Show, held in South Park, Headington, under the presidency of the Duke of Marlborough, was given a terrific fillip on the second day by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Their Royal Highnesses were



MRS. JOHN RYAN WALKING ROUND THE
SHOW-GROUND WITH MRS. COLIN BUIST

staying at Blenheim, having arrived by air from Heston the previous evening, and this was their first visit to Oxford. Before going to the show-ground, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester inaugurated Boys' Club Week by inspecting the Oxford and Worcester Boys' Club premises, where Lady Bicester, wife of Oxfordshire's Lord Lieutenant, was amongst members of the committee presented to the Royal visitors. The Duke and Duchess did a very comprehensive tour of the Show, the great success of which was largely due to the untiring efforts of its Honorary Director, Captain D. P. Lithgow. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason, Lord Stonehaven's daughter, came from nearby Eynsham Hall. Mrs. Colin Buist's husband, Lieut.-Commander Colin Buist, is an Extra Equerry to His Majesty



Photographs: Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

DÉBUTANTE MISS DINAH BRAND

The charming heroine of one of this season's biggest coming-out balls, given for her by her aunt, Lady Astor, at 4, St. James's Square on May 9. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Kent were present, and dinner-hostesses included the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Titchfield, Lady Airlie, Lady Ravensdale, and Lady Violet Astor. Miss Dinah Brand is the younger daughter of Lord Hampden's brother, the Hon. Robert Brand, and the late Mrs. Brand. Her mother, who died with tragic suddenness two years ago, was Lady Astor's sister and came from Virginia, which romantic southern State Miss Dinah Brand has recently visited



IRELAND GOES



Photographs: Vyvyan Poole, Dublin
MR. GERALD ANNESLEY AND MISS ROSALIND
MANSFIELD TALK MATTERS OVER



A WELL-KNOWN TURF TRIO: DAN LEVINS-MOORE,
MR. BOB GORE, AND MAJOR C. MITCHELL

RACING AT NAAS



OWNER AND RIDER OF "UP SIR": LORD
CHARLES CAVENDISH AND SIR ERNEST GOFF



TRAINER AND RIDER OF "BROOK LAWN":
MR. B. ROGERS AND LORD KILDARE

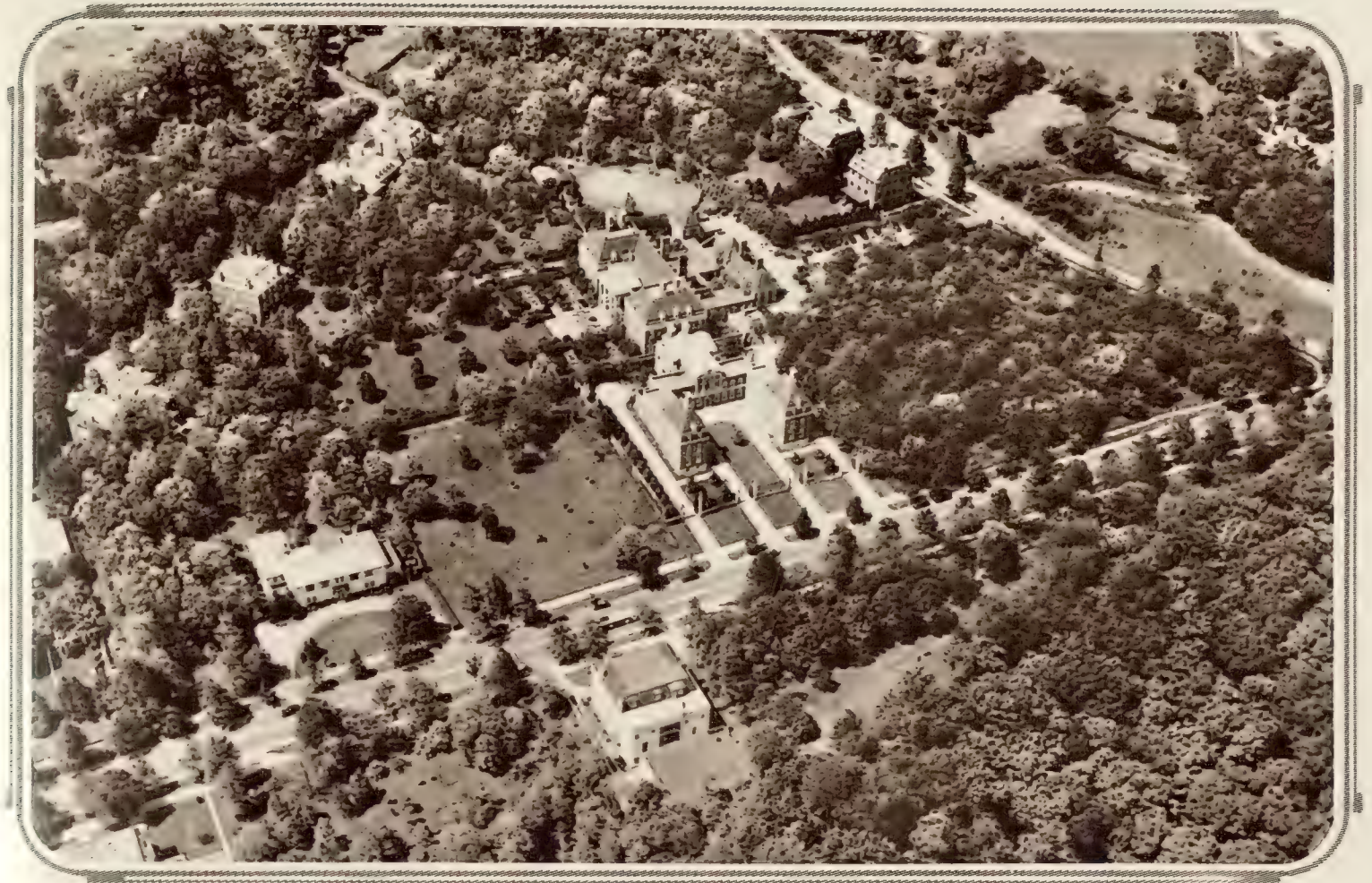


MISS PANSY GRACE AND MRS. KEN HOMAN
GREET THE CAMERA WITH A SMILE



MR. JAMES RANK, MILLIONAIRE OWNER, WITH
MISS AUDREY AND MISS CORINNE ODLUM

Huge fields, perfect weather, and a large crowd all went to make the recent Naas meeting a pleasant one. The only fly in the ointment was finding 'em, as, excepting in two races, outsiders came up with the greatest of regularity. In the big race of the day, the Naas May Steeplechase, Mrs. Hubert Hartigan's "Amico" won, after a great duel with Mr. C. A. Roger's "Klondyke," the only other within hailing distance being Mr. M. P. Minch's "Ford Radio." The little gallery includes Mr. Gerald Annesley, a well-known owner, and son of Lady Mabel Annesley. Dan Levins-Moore who was "Royal Danieli's" jockey in this and last year's Grand National, rode Mr. C. A. Roger's "Klondyke" into second place in the Naas May Steeplechase. He is the son of the late Mr. T. Levins-Moore, who was for many years Master of the Ward. Major Mitchell is one of the committee of three who hunt the Kildare. The Duke of Devonshire's eldest brother, Lord Charles Cavendish, is the owner of "Up Sir," which was unplaced in the May Steeplechase. Sir Ernest Goff, who was the jockey, is a well-known Irish amateur rider. Mr. B. Rogers trained "Brook Lawn," which was ridden by Lord Kildare in the Wallop Plate, and finished down the course. Lord Kildare will be sole Master of the Kilkenny Hounds next season, as his partner has taken over the Westmeath. Miss Pansy Grace is very well known in the dog world, her father, Sir Valentine Grace, being a judge at many Irish dog shows. Mr. James Rank, the millionaire owner, whose wife is also a well-known owner, was of course back in England in time for Epsom



THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON—WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES MEET OFFICIAL AMERICA



BARNWELL CASTLE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S BEAUTIFUL HOME

The eyes of the world, and even those of the most unfriendly parts of it, are focussed upon the spot where the heads of two of the world's greatest democracies will be meeting very soon after this paper sees the light of day. Their Majesties' reception to America as represented by Washington naturally takes place at the British Embassy, of which a very beautiful aerial view is presented. It may be a revelation to many to find that our Ambassador's official abode is situated in such a bosky dell, which seems a bit foreign to the heart of a big capital city. Sir Ronald Lindsay, the present Ambassador to the U.S.A., is to be succeeded very shortly by the Marquess of Lothian, as his term of office expires. Barnwell Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's beautiful new home, is in the heart of Northamptonshire—an appropriate country retreat for two people as fond of fox-hunting as they are. It is probable that no lawn tennis court in the world has such a setting as this one at Barnwell—inside the four walls of an ancient donjon keep. The grounds and gardens are of equal beauty and the whole estate, in fact, idyllic

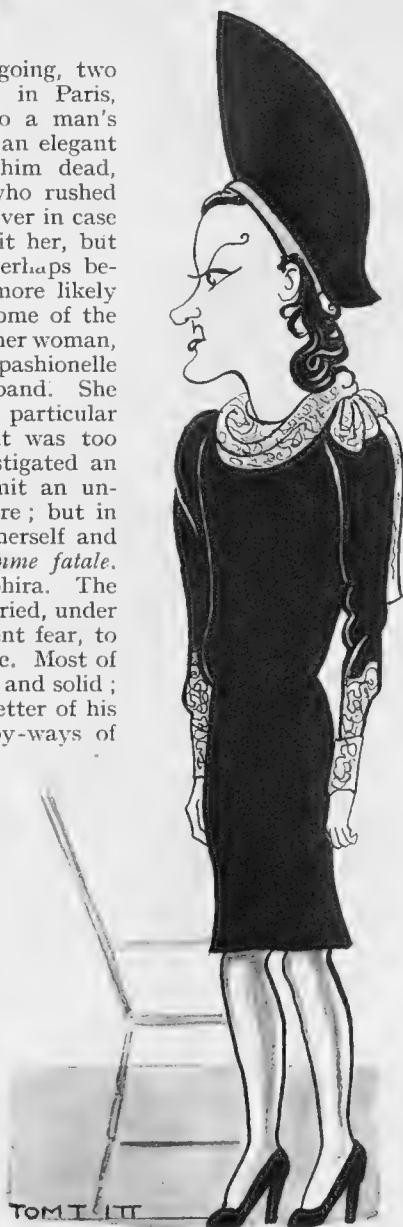
ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Portrait of a
Coroner

I HAVE seen, outside my theatre-going, two women tried for murder. One, in Paris, brought a dear little revolver to a man's office. Having produced it from an elegant handbag, she took exact aim, shot him dead, screamed for help, and asked those who rushed into the room to be careful of the revolver in case it went off. They did not quite acquit her, but the sentence was light as a soufflé—perhaps because her victim was an editor, but more likely because it was in some degree what some of the English call a cream pashionelle. The other woman, in London, was concerned in a cream pashionelle whereby a young lover did-in her husband. She was not, I am certain, privy to the particular killing as then committed (for that it was too stupidly done). She had certainly instigated an ox-like but chivalrous youth to commit an unspecified murder in the indefinite future; but in so doing she was acting a rôle, with herself and himself as audience—the rôle of a *femme fatale*. In the witness-box, she lied like Sapphira. The girls in the gallery hissed her while she tried, under pressure of cross-examination and urgent fear, to save herself at the young man's expense. Most of the jury were good family men, upright and solid; the judge knew everything about the letter of his law but a good deal less about the by-ways of human nature. His pen scratched ominously each time she told an evident whopper; and the sum-total of his notes became devastating when he summed-up in terms of what seemed probable and improbable. What with one thing and another, she was hanged a month later; she had hanged herself.

I mention all this as a possible reason for having been closely gripped by *Inquest*, at the Duke of York's, in case I cannot claim to have been an average spectator. For here is a woman, in the shadow of a charge of murder, lying good and hard. Though she does it to shield somebody else, the same tension and hostility are generated; and though her duel is with a coroner,



TOM I. III

WHOPPERS FROM WITNESSES: HERBERT LOMAS, HILDA TREVELYAN AND (LEFT) ANTOINETTE CELLIER

that makes her position the more desperate, since coroners are not bound by the rules of evidence. This coroner and his court, moreover, give so much the illusion of the real thing that they suspend all disbelief in an unlikely story.

The body of a husband has been exhumed on discovery of a revolver, with one chamber emptied, in the cottage where he lived; and he is duly proved to have died from a bullet in the spine, instead of the heart failure for which a local doctor gave his certificate. The corpse also contains arsenic; and it is shown that the widow had bought from the local ironmonger both the revolver and (as usual) some weed-killer. Insisting on her innocence, she fights all suggestion that anybody else could be guilty. She resists both the coroner, who wants a confession, and the K.C. representing her, who wants no more than the truth. The village jury, prejudiced by the existence of a former lover, are already satisfied of her guilt when her counsel establishes that, without help from others, she could not have moved the dying man to the room where they found him. Still she continues to insist that nobody else was there to help her, or could have committed the crime which she denies for herself. And the situation is made murkier by hesitations and equivocations from the dead man's mother. You are led, in fact, to believe that all this to-do has arisen because a dead man's widow is shielding the second husband of her mother-in-law. It is not so in the end; but the vindication which the K.C. finally conjures out of his hat is as far-fetched. In fact Mr. Michael Barringer, the author, tells a very tall tale indeed.

Yet the illusion of reality persists, because of the excellent detail contributed by himself, the producer, and especially Mr. Herbert Lomas, who plays the coroner. It persists even though parts of this very detail are unlikely—for instance, the bursts of laughter in court (as distinct from the laughter from audiences). Rural inquests are very solemn affairs, at which those present would be no more likely to laugh than they would at a funeral. And among a hundred village inquests, it is a hundred to one against the doctor being called from the witness-stand to deliver the baby of a jurymen's wife. But all the local types are bull's-eyes, and the bits and pieces as exact as observation and mannerism can make them: doctor, jurymen, policemen; the ironmonger who wants to get back to his sale; the resentful farmer who doesn't hold with town-folk in the district; the stolid foreman who wants to be fair but knows a jury's rights, won't let himself be abashed by a knighted expert from the Home Office, and can recognise evident guilt when he thinks he sees it. Even the draught from the windows and the lack of warmth from a diffident coal-fire are just right.

The prize exhibit is the coroner. It is a rôle made to measure for character-acting, and Mr. Lomas misses none of its many chances. This long, gangling, lantern-jawed fellow in the old-fashioned tail-coat is alive with kinks and quirks. He is by turn prosy about pathology and modern science; precise in his parade of preliminary facts; insistent upon his rights and petty dignities; wary of possible affront to his office from the eminent barrister; exasperated by any disturbance of his train of one-track thought; shrewd, testy, open-minded, biased, blunt, insinuating. Justice must be done; but it will be



GETTING AT THE TRUTH: CAMPBELL GULLAN,
HILDA TREVELYAN

done in the way he thinks fit. Opposition or interruption open in him a flood of ire.

He starts by being scrupulously fair to the woman whom his jury suspects, but when she persists in declining any explanation he is willing to accept, he bullies her on the one hand and on the other flatters the jury that they, like himself, can see through these dark denials. Then, when the jury grow prejudiced in their turn, he recalls the principles of justice and is self-important in protecting his prey. Without meaning to do it, he takes advantage of coroner's licence to admit even local gossip in evidence. He is like a French examining magistrate in being prosecutor as well when he feels inclined to it. This convincing performance, incidentally, is a good argument for reform of the duties, and abolition of the licence, in an office which has become peculiar and out of date.

The effective drama in *Inquest* does not lie in its mysteries—Did She Do It? or Who Did Do It?—but in the duel between small-town dignitary and quick-brained K.C. "Silence!—restrain yourself, sir—you are not in London now." Mr. Herbert Lomas, at this point, seems to swell like a jealous turkey-cock; and at the climax of fierce argument, you can all but see the veins swell in a neck grown red. He crams the coroner with character, as much by manner as by the words. Mr. Campbell Gullan counters bludgeon with rapier, and scores points with suave agility. He employs more than a touch of the theatrical; but then, some K.C.s are theatrical. Miss Antoinette Cellier admirably fulfils an exacting and hardly rewarding task as the too-noble widow, and holds the eye with her long intervals of stillness. Miss Hilda Trevelyan gives sureness and sympathy to her little-old-lady. Messrs. Clarence Bigge, James Woodburn, Leo Gavrovsky, and E. Isaacson Hallows contribute to the flavour of a good minor play.



GEORGE MANSHIP,
NELSON W. PHILLIPS,
JAMES WOODBURN,
CLARENCE BIGGE,
ANTHONY HAWTREY,

E. ISAACSON
HALLOWS



Star Presse

ROSEMARY AND NEW PARTNERS:
GASTON AND TONY

Rosemary, the beautiful, for many seasons in her Paris career shared the honours with Capella but she has now returned to the stage with the two new partners seen in the picture. Her new number is reported to surpass anything that she has yet done

Written from the Farm-on-the-Island.

THIS is the time o' year when I usually wend my way Vichy-wards, Très Cher, and yet, here am I, joyously installed at the Farm-on-the-Island, and be-hanged to ye old liver! In point of fact, it is certainly due to the many "cures" I have made at the charming watering-place, beloved of Mme. de Sevigné, that my overworked bit of viscera is behaving itself so well that I find myself playing hooky this year, and taking a few days off down here instead.

After a rather strenuous week of parties, pavements, pictures and premières, I suddenly had such a longing for a splash of sea and a spot of solitude that I forthwith packed my toothbrush, bought the dog a new collar, and hit the "pike" bright and early—or, rather, earlier than bright—on one of the wettest days we have had this spring. As we drove through the picturesque little village of Seiches, in Maine-et-Loire, the deluge was so heavy that the screen-wiper gave up the unequal struggle with a long, whistling sigh. Seiches, indeed! French "scollards" will appreciate the irony of this.

Indeed, the whole journey was one of minor mishaps. Miss Chrysler who has served me so faithfully for thirteen years, developed—no doubt in sympathy with the elements—a leak that refused to let itself be temporarily checked with

Priscilla in Paris

either soap, linseed grains, or Christian Science, so that our rapid progress was punctuated with still more rapid stops in order to fill the radiator every twenty miles or so. The best way to do this in physical comfort when the weather is wet is to take just as little petrol as a French pump will consent to give at one go—that is to say, five litres—and have the man fill your radiator at the same time. I have mentioned *physical comfort*, but the ease one gets on the roundabout one loses on the swing: the *moral discomfort* one feels when one is at the wheel of a fairly high-powered car and one buys only five litres of petrol has to be experienced to be believed.

I struck another snag at the last village on the mainland before crossing to the island. Believing that country post-offices close at 7 p.m.—or at "nineteen hours," as we painstakingly call it in this country—I knew I must send a wire of almost safe arrival to my much-better half before crossing, since I could not get to the Island post-office in time. I arrived at Beauvoir-sur-Mer as the above-mentioned village is called, at exactly five minutes to six, drew up in front of the *bureau de poste* just in time to see the door banged-to, and hear the bolt pushed home. Through the nearby open window we "parlez-voiced," the *demoiselle* and I. We were suave, smiling and bitter, but neither suavity, smiles, nor bitterness did the trick. The *bureau* closed at six, and not for President Lebrun, Cardinal Verdier, or Mistaire Neville Chamberlain himself would the *demoiselle* open it.

While this was going on, Miss Chrysler ran herself dry, so we repaired, for water and gas, to the local garage, on the other side of the market-place. The oily lad who attended to us had watched the wordy battle from afar, and was most sympathetic. So sympathetic, indeed, that I felt obliged to buy a gadget I didn't need in order to make up for the humiliating five litres. "Why don't you telephone?" he asked. "Telephone what?" said I, being dull-like after a long day at the wheel. The nice lad explained that, if I went to the local pub and telephoned my wire to the post-

office it would be quite *en règle* with the rules and regulations of the *Ad-min-is-tration*!

Can you beat it! This was done and, having telephoned, I went back to the P.O. and watched the *demoiselle* dispatch my message. When—and then only—she had finished and I was sure that my much-much-better half would be able to enjoy his dinner in peace and without visions of my mangled remains in a ditch, I gave myself a treat. I have often longed to tell various *demoiselles-du-télégraphe-et-téléphone* what I think of them, and the whole *Administration des P.T.T.* Mine was not the behaviour of a Perfect Lady, but then, Très Cher, I am very much afraid that I am not one. I arrived here to find sad news. A telegram awaited me announcing the sudden death of charming little Christiane Dor, who was such an amusing *comédienne* and clever mimic. You must have seen her often in the old days at the Capucines, and, of recent



SHE ATTRACTED ADOLF

Palma Dybas, a very beautiful member of the Budapest Opera Corps de Ballet, whose performance in Munich caught the eye of the Führer so much that he sent for her after the show and asked her whether she would not like to leave Hungary for Bavaria—at least, that is what they say!

years, at the Nouveautés, where she appeared in nearly all Rip's revues. You will probably remember her in the famous film, *Poil de Carotte*, that was one of the first French films to be seen in London. People who have the "three-of-a-kind" superstition are pointing to the fact that Christiane has died on the exact anniversary of Pauley's death last year. He, also, was one of the Nouveauté stars. Next year the Nouveautés will have to close down during May.

PRISCILLA.

NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD



SCANDINAVIAN BEAUTY: SONJA HENIE, WHO IS BACK IN HOLLYWOOD AND VERY BUSY



IN "CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY": LYA LYS

It's not all beer and skittles making good in Hollywood, they tell us, but Lya Lys, at any rate, soon struck lucky, being chosen as feminine lead in the now more or less completed *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, made by Warner Brothers for First National, with Edward G. Robinson as the big noise. Film Headquarters are keeping details of the story under their hat for the time being, but the picture above suggests it will be no laughing matter. Sonja Henie keeps on laughing whether at work or play. Not long back from a cruise in the "Normandie," she is now at work, again with Tyrone Power, on a new 20th Century-Fox picture, originally called *When Winter Comes*, but due for a new name. In it the Norwegian star is to be a ballet dancer—a simple matter for this ice maiden, as she studied ballet before taking to skates. Loretta Young, who wore a gaily gold-embroidered velvet jacket when the camera met her supping out in Hollywood with William Buckner, is concerned with a film record in her latest picture, *The Modern Miracle*, by having her three real sisters, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Georgina Young, as sisters in support. Georgina, aged fourteen, makes her screen debut in this story of the life of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. Don Ameche plays Bell, and Loretta Young the deaf girl who marries him. *The Modern Miracle* will be over here before very long



AT THE CAFÉ MARCEL: WILLIAM BUCKNER AND LORETTA YOUNG

Fink



Dennis Moss

DOWN WEST: OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY IN CAMP AT CORFE CASTLE, DORSET

YEOMAN SERVICE

Wiltshire and Warwickshire Under Canvas

L. to r. (standing): Lieut. H. G. Awdry, Capt. M. Evans, R.A.M.C. (T.A.), Lieut. and O.M. F. A. Riddiford, Lieut. G. A. Best, Lieut. E. F. Spicer, Lieut. Sir J. E. L. Clerke, Lieut. M. St. J. V. Gibbs, Lieut. S. V. Christie-Miller, Lieut. J. E. Gibb, Lieut. H. P. Hunloke, M.P., Lieut. Lord Cadogan, Lieut. J. F. Brown; (sitting) Lieut. F. A. G. Blackwood, Lieut. J. G. Morrison, Capt. C. E. Awdry, Capt. A. M. Gibb, Major P. W. Pitt, Major D. G. Williams, Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Nicholson, (C.O.), Major O. St. M. Thynne, Major Lord Ashley, Capt. Lord Weymouth, Lieut. H. Blount, Lieut. C. H. F. Fuller, Lieut. the Hon. A. E. G. Herbert; (in front) Lieut. Lord Lansdowne, Sir H. A. Corbett, Lieut. C. R. C. Thursfield, Lieut. W. J. Ewart



HAY RATION: LIEUT. THE HON. A. D. F. LLOYD INSPECTS FORAGE AT RAGLEY PARK

WARWICKSHIRE
YEOMEN

Left to right: Lieut. J. B. Arkwright, 2nd Lieut. P. Sturgis, Major W. E. Grazebrook, Capt. the Hon. M. R. Samuel, 2nd Lieut. J. S. Gilbey and 2nd Lieut. C. B. Stoddart

OFFICERS OF THE COVENTRY
SQUADRON

From the left: 2nd Lieut. the Hon. P. M. Samuel, 2nd Lieut. H. S. Green, Capt. Lord Bective, Major R. E. Whitaker (Squadron Commander), Lieut. D. P. Crossman and 2nd Lieut. G. Wilson

Any number of Yeomanry units are to be found under canvas just now, doing their annual fortnight's training. A pretty strenuous fortnight it is, too, but undertaken with such 100 per cent. zest that the additional efficiency achieved is quite remarkable—so is the fun had in lighter moments. On this page we present a concentration of officers of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry (Prince of Wales's Own) in camp at Corfe Castle, and brothers-in-arms of the Warwickshire, who are under canvas at Ragley Park, near Alcester, the home of their immensely popular Honorary Colonel, Brigadier-General Lord Henry Seymour. Both these units still have their horses. This is Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Nicholson's second camp as C.O. the Wiltshire Yeomanry. The Hon. Colonel is Lord Bath, whose son, Lord Weymouth, was promoted Captain last year. Lieut.-Colonel P. L. M. Wright is the new C.O. the Warwickshire Yeomanry (Hussars), but evaded the camera. The group learning tactics from Major W. E. Grazebrook features the eldest son of Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, Joint-Master of the North Warwickshire, besides the Joint-Master of the Warwickshire, Captain the Hon. "Dick" Samuel, whose brother belongs to the Coventry Squadron. Lieut. the Hon. Alexander Lloyd's father, Lord Lloyd, served with the Warwickshire Yeomanry in the Great War. 2nd Lieut. the Hon. Joseph Dormer is Lord Dormer's only brother



Truman Howell

STABLES: 2ND LIEUT. THE HON. JOSEPH DORMER ON HIS ROUND

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A SHADOW FROM THE HEAT—MARES

This beautiful and very pastoral study of mares and foals in summer idleness and green pastures was exhibited in last year's Academy and for they have made history in that section of the world of art which is devoted to animal painting. Miss Kemp-Welch has very few equals in that collection in every succeeding year. Many of her Academy pictures have been bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, the first bodies all over the world have bought Miss Kemp-Welch's pictures and have thus exhibited a sure discrimination. There are



By LUCY KEMP-WELCH, R.I.

AND FOALS IN SUMMER PASTURES

and is a typical specimen of this very famous artist's work. It seems almost unnecessary to refer to Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's works, as she is a pupil of the Herkomer School, she first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894 and her pictures have enriched the art of the day. Her first one, *Colt Hunting in the New Forest*, having been bought in 1897, that is to say three years after she first exhibited. Public opinion is still so many people who prefer the work of a real artist to that of the creators of things which are called pictures



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PLAZA TORO IN
"THE GONDOLIERS"

This is one of the many illustrations in full colour contained in an Illustrated Souvenir to be published by our sister publication *The Sphere* in about a fortnight's time. This souvenir will fully illustrate all the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas now being given by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and will be a complete and up-to-date record (with new pictures specially taken for the purpose). It will be published at 3/6 (plus postage 4d.) and orders may now be sent to: The Publisher, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4



CHARLES MARTIN AND JOAN CRAWFORD ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE PREMIÈRE OF "JUAREZ"



GARY COOPER AND HIS WIFE, SANDRA SHAW



CARY GRANT ON A VACATION AT PALM SPRINGS



MR. AND MRS. FRED ASTAIRE STEP OUT AT MARCEL'S SHORTLY BEFORE SAILING FOR ENGLAND

Most of these photographs deal with the Ladies and Gentlemen of Hollywood at play. Joan Crawford, for instance, seems to be having a busman's holiday, as she elected to go to the première of that great picture, *Juarez*, which we mortals have not yet seen. On the other hand, Gary Cooper was hard at work on *Beau Geste*, which is being re-made. Cary Grant, who was taking a holiday at Palm Springs, has just finished making *Only Angels Have Wings*. Fred Astaire and his wife, the former Miss Phyllis Potter, were having a final night out before sailing for Ireland and England. His new picture, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, will shortly be having its London première



W. Dennis Moss

A PARTY FOR THE "MAGYAR PILOTA PICNIC"

This is the name adopted by the gallant Hungarian air-men and women who are paying us a flying visit in more ways than one. The above party was given at Carswell Manor, Berks., by Captain and Mrs. Hugh Ford and Mrs. Green and Mr. F. C. J. Butler. Names in the group: (l. to r., standing) Mr. F. C. J. Butler, Colonel Lord Sempill, Mr. R. Kronfeld, Captain Hugh Ford; (seated) Miss Dunbar-Kilburn, Mrs. Hugh Ford, Mrs. Kronfeld.

THAT intricate disease known as psittacosis appears to be still more than somewhat prevalent in some parts of Central Europe. It has something to do with parrots, and—speaking as a mere layman—I believe that it is incurable. It would be a bit comforting if the profession could tell us that it is invariably fatal.



Truman Howell

MISS G. E. M. STANLEY
AND LADY WHITTEN-BROWN
GLAMORGANSHIRE A.T.S.

A picture taken at St. Fagan's Castle, where Lady Plymouth, Senior Commandant, entertained officers of the Glamorganshire A.T.S. Miss Stanley is Commandant of the Eastern half and Lady Whitten-Brown the Western. Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown was, with the late Sir John Alcock, the first airman to fly the Atlantic in 1919.

* * *

"Huckleberry Finn" was Mark Twain's best book—a classic—without any doubt or question. If his shade is lurking anywhere around I wonder what it will think of what Hollywood has done to the story in its film version. Much the same, I venture to believe, as the authors of "Gunga Din," "Bengal Lancer," "The Ware Case," and a good many more, are thinking. In the *Huckleberry Finn* film they have eliminated Tom Sawyer, thus depriving the story of some of its richest humour. Tom Sawyer's elaborate arrangement to liberate poor old Jim the nigger, whom he knew was free already, his wonderful capacity for conjuring up "sumter mules" and "Languedoc" and gal-lants in silken hose and sword-blades, and his setting the whole Hayseed countryside by the ears by those priceless "non-namous" letters, are the cream of this great story. In all this the wondering and admiring "Huck" was intimately concerned. His questions to Tom Sawyer when that imaginative young hero was concocting a "coat

Pictures in the Fire

WATCHING ENGLAND'S POLO TEAM
IN U.S.A.

The day our side was held to have put up a very good show against a Roslyn Park team and also the day when Eric Tyrrell-Martin nearly got an eye knocked out. Lord Cowdray then took his place. Left to right: Mrs. Bob Skene, Lord Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman (to be married in July), the Hon. Daphne Pearson, and the Duke of Roxburghe.

of arms" for Jim, are jewels of great price. To miss the lines, "What's a fesse?", "I'll tell you when we come to it!" is a crime. "Huck" did not run away from home: he had no home. He ran away from his drunken old Pop, who was hiding in a shack on an island, and then tried to make his disappearance look like murder. He killed a pig and used the gore. There was never any question of tarring and feathering Jim the nigger. It was "The King" and "The Duke," those ripe and delicious rascals, who were eventually tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail for all their various mal-feasances at the little riverside townships which they had victimised so shamefully. Mark Twain's wonderful story was quite good enough as it stood. Why try to go one better?

A word of comfort to those who are about to make acquaintance with the Army for the first time and have that saving grace, a sense of humour. It concerns the way in which those who are sometimes full of strange oaths, jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, deal with our native tongue. You must not pronounce "route" as you did when you were merely a civilian. It is "rowte" when the boots go movin' up and down



Truman Howell

THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH
AND MRS. O. M. INGLEDEU, ALSO
GLAMORGANSHIRE A.T.S.

Lady Plymouth's tea-party at St. Fagan's Castle, to the officers of the Glamorganshire A.T.S., was badly hampered by rain. Lady Plymouth is Senior Commandant and Mrs. O. M. Ingledeu is her adjutant. This branch of the A.T.S. has now fully completed all plans for its summer training with Territorial units.

By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

A NOTABLE CHRISTENING OCCASION IN SHROPSHIRE

The event was the christening at Alderbury of Sir Richard and Lady Leighton's fourth child, a daughter. The family has been seated at Loton since the twelfth century. Sir Richard Leighton is a former C.O. the Shropshire Yeomanry.

The names in the group are: (l. to r.) Master Michael Leighton (heir to the Baronetcy), Lady Leighton with Miss Elizabeth Linda Mary, the babe; Miss Lavina Leighton and Colonel Sir Richard Leighton, Bart; standing at the back is Margaret, Lady Leighton.



Stuart

CAMBRIDGE WOMEN BEAT OXFORD AT LAWN TENNIS

A group of the combined teams after the battle which was fought out at Cambridge, the Light Blues winning by 10 rubbers to 5, with two left unfinished.

The names in the picture are: (standing) Ruth Granlund (C.), Sinha Valero (O.), Suzette Griffith (C.), Joan Trouncer (O.), Gwen Paxton (C.), Sylvia Pullen (O.); (sitting) Diana Keeton (O.), Stella Comes (C.), Mary Ness (O., captain), Jane Reynolds (C., captain), Isobel Wright (O.), and Elizabeth Penman (C.).

again. Similarly, "reveillé" is "revally." A warm British coat is a "coat British warm," and a Jerusalem artichoke "choke artichoke Jerusalem Jere." There are many more things besides learning how to

"For inspection, port arms!" and the short trail, which have to be learnt. The order "Present arms!" does not mean that you must come to the firing position and point the weapon at your officer or drill-sergeant, as the case may be. Remember the story of the Irish recruit who was told to "present," and came to the quite incorrect and dangerous position. "Put that down, you murderous scoundrel!" said Visiting Rounds. "It might go off!" "Begob!" said the Rooky. "That's just what I'm afraid of mesilf!"

If the nascent warrior should happen to be posted to a Guards battalion, he must be particularly careful to carry out a soldier's first duty—a meticulous attention to orders—for the discipline is very strict, and any infringement may result in his being "put in the book" for—"idling," which means something adverse to his advancement in his profession. A classic instance handed to me is of the enthusiast who, with the best possible intentions, started having a pop at

the foe without word of command. The hoarse order at once rang out: "Put 'im in the book! Put 'im in the book! Idlin', firin' in the presence of the enemy!" So you see, you cannot be too careful.

There are, of course, times when the Nelson touch does the trick most amazingly well, but it is terribly irregular. An instance! Once upon a time in one of our insignificant wars there was a nasty fog hovering over a valley which divided a Gurkha battalion from the "Paythan" enemy, who, incidentally, is poison to the Gurkha. The little men were being fired at and hit more than they considered amusing, so, without any orders from their officers, they slung their rifles, whipped out their *Kukris* (ugly curved knives which they use to perfection), bundled off into the murk, over-ran the enemy *sangars* (trenches), and chopped the "Paythan" up into bacon rashers. Then they returned like little lambs with broad grins on their faces to their appointed place in the line. The Brigadier directing the operation was quite cross for a bit, because they had upset his time-table, but the battle was won, just the same.

That, anyway, is the fascinating story, and I am sure that it is true. There are so many that never get into papers, most of them rather amusing, many of them so exceedingly bloody that no paper would dare to print them. And yet in some of these books on atrocities which have happened in two modern civilised wars, very minute details are given.

(Continued on page 422)



Dassano

MISS GUENDOLINE OSBORN ROOTS AND THE HON. JOHN YARDE-BULLER—A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Guendoline Margaret Osborn Roots, whose engagement is one of the most recent spring announcements, is the only daughter of Mrs. Osborn Roots and the late Rev. Charles Roots, former Vicar of St. John's, Bucksteep, Sussex. The Hon. John Yarde-Buller is Lord Churston's only brother.



AUSTRIAN ROYALTY AT DRURY LANE

The Archduke Franz Joseph and the Archduchess with (left) Mrs. Walter Payne, wife of the chairman of Drury Lane, the night they went to see Vienna as it was depicted in *The Dancing Years*. His Royal Highness is a nephew of the late Emperor Franz Joseph.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

He had just proposed, and the object of his affections, a "highbrow" sort of girl, was trying to freeze him out. "Circumstances," said she, "compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources." "Er," he stammered, "I don't get you." "That's just what I'm telling you!" was the icy reply.

Bobby always came to the table with a grubby face, and of course, had to be sent away to wash. One day his mother, losing patience, said: "Bobby, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Bobby meekly, "once you forgot."

A village in India had been ravaged by tigers, and the terror-stricken natives sent for the nearest white man to come to the rescue.

This man was a crack shot and had never been known to miss. His method was to tie a goat to the foot of a tree at dusk, climb the tree, and when the tigers came for the goat, fire at the flash of their eyes. In the morning they would be found dead, shot straight between the eyes.

He followed his usual procedure the first night, but, although he fired several shots, when day dawned the goat had gone and there were no dead tigers.

This happened on two succeeding nights. Perturbed, he took a huge torch with him

on the fourth night, and, instead of firing at the flashing eyes, switched on his torch and saw, to his amazement, six tigers advancing in pairs each with one eye shut!

Jones called upon Smith at his office and found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed indeed.

"What's up, old man?" he asked.

"Oh, just my wife," replied the other moodily. "She's gone and engaged a new secretary for me."

"Well, what's wrong about that? Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"Neither. *He's* bald!"

Here is a gruesome (or not?) cricket story. In a cricket match against a neighbouring village one of the batsmen had the misfortune to receive a ball full in the mouth, breaking a number of teeth. When the return match was played he found himself confronted by the same bowler.

"I say," he shouted, "don't go after my teeth again, will you?"

The bowler grinned. "No," he called back. "I want your stumps this time."



MAKAROFF, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL

At the time of writing, it is reported that Makaroff, the famous singer, is seriously ill, and we all wish him a complete recovery. Makaroff, who is eighty-four, sang before the late Tsar of Russia, and was a great favourite at the Imperial Court. Five years ago he was also very ill. He is seen in the above picture with a terrier which he bought for five shillings in the Caledonian Market. This dog, his only companion in his old age, sits by his bedside and performs all sorts of clever tricks taught him by his master

IT had been a wild night, and one of the members of the party woke up in hospital. Jones, another member of the gang, called to see him. The bandaged patient asked what had happened.

"Well," said Jones, "you were drunk and betted that you could jump out of the window and fly round the house."

"Great Scott!" cried the prone one. "Did you try to stop me?"

"Stop you!" returned the other. "No fear—I had two quid on you!"

"So you've lost your job, Pat?"

"Yes."

"Was the boss surprised when he knew you were leaving?"

"Not exactly. He knew before I did."

He had just reached home after a long and tedious business journey, and was in no mood to submit to the inevitable flood of questions of his jealous wife.

"Have you thought of me?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, yes," he said serenely.

"You're sure?"

"Oh, quite."

"How have you shown it?" she snapped.

"Well, my dear, I missed you so badly I went and took lodgings at the Nag's Head."



RUTH AND BILLIE AMBROSE IN "GROSVENOR GAMBOLS"

Grosvenor House always produces good Cabaret acts, but rarely before have they found anything quite like Ruth and Billie Ambrose, whose ballroom dancing is a marvel. To see them do the "Collegiate Big Apple" is worth a very long journey



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THE DECCAN HORSE WIN THE KARACHI GOVERNOR'S CUP

The above team beat Karachi Club well and truly by 8 to 4½ in the final of the Governor's Challenge Cup played at that Indian seaside resort a little while ago. The names are, left to right: Mr. D. H. Mappin, Captain G. H. Carr, Mr. J. C. Ingham and Mr. F. C. Wilmer

EVEN the worst lawyer who ever wore a wig will tell you quite shortly that what the butler told the cook is not evidence, and so it is for this reason in these notes—which will be published only a few days before our International team goes into action *v.* America's 40-goal side on June 24, at Meadowbrook, Long Island—I think the moment most opportune to refer to the very carefully compiled dispatch from England's non-playing captain, Lord Cowdray, who has been with the team all through the building-up stage which is, naturally, the most important. Lord Cowdray's report sent to polo G.H.Q., Hurlingham, is most commendably dispassionate—a fact which obviously must make it of the greater value. Since it was written we have been told by divers correspondents on the other side of the Atlantic that we have a bit more than a fighting chance. We shall need it. We know that our side will fight and go down fighting if that must be. I do not now find many people on this side of the Pond saying that we have not got a 10 to 1 chance. Personally, I never believed that that was the real price—but then, I readily plead guilty to being a flaming optimist at all times. The testimony of the man who is on the spot is worth a ton of what you, I, and the other chap think.

After referring to the deeply-deplored illness of Major N. W. Leaf, our Master of the Horse, which, as is now known to everybody, terminated in his death at Santa Barbara, California, Lord Cowdray summed up by saying in effect that from early February to April 9 all had gone very well and that, with the exception of a slight set-back when everyone seemed out of form, things had gone more or less according to plan.

Of our side's best form Lord Cowdray writes: "The game was at Golden Gate Park on April 12, when Skene (1), Roark (2), Balding (3), and Tyrrell-Martin (back), beat Wrightsman (1), Cecil Smith (2), Eric Pedley (3), and Boeseke (back) 15—7. In this match the British side went really well, and looked like a top-class side. Skene did everything that could be expected of a No. 1. Roark's hitting and anticipation were brilliant; Balding was at his best, which means very good; and

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

Tyrrell-Martin was steady at back; and the whole team played as a real side."

Since this, as has been reported in various Reuter cables, our team has won against such trial "horses" as may have been pulled out to give it a gallop. Shortly put, none of them have been really good enough to stretch the English team's neck. This may be a wise move because it is always better not to knock anything about before it is fully wound up. Even boxing gladiators do not let their sparring partners stretch them for dead. It would be a mistake to let that happen, but at the same time the trainer would be overdue for Hanwell who did not put his charge alongside something at the weights which would tell him something quite definite before he told the owner that he could put his shirt and his collar-stud on it.

All that can be said is that at the time of going to press we have not had a stripped gallop, and only know that it is a case of David and Goliath—a 33-goal side taking on a 40-goal side. Those are formidable odds, but those "damned" English, who never know when they are beaten, have always refused to let this sort of thing put the fear of Mike into them. My own bellicose inclination is to predict that 1914 history is going to repeat itself. They gave the team "Rattle" Barrett skippered only a celluloid cat's chance. What happened then was that our team went off like scalded and not celluloid cats, launched a lightning attack which took the enemy unawares, got him clean off his balance, and never let up. We won by 8½ to 3. The pessimists said after the first that it was just a flash in the pan. It wasn't. The second match repeated the story 4 to 2½ in our favour. I am sure that this is the stuff to give them this time also.

As to the enemy of 1939, we are under no misapprehension, especially after what "Dev" Milburn has said about them. They must be very hot. We are told at the moment that they have decided to play young Stewart Iglehart back and Tommy Hitchcock, the captain, No. 3—the best position, of course, from which to con the ship—and they must know their own business best, but some over here think that it would have been better to leave Iglehart where he was in that smashing Old Westbury team which won the American Open Championship last year, and let Hitchcock occupy the stern thwart. However, this is none of our business, though it may be all to the good so far as we are concerned. It would be interesting to have the opinion of one, R. L. Ricketts, that great advocate of players for places upon this alignment. I do not believe that he would think it wise. We shall know all about a lot of things we cannot know at this moment, in a few days after this leaves me. Latest news: Phipps not well and Iglehart with a sprained wrist. Some of us think that the Fourth of June is a date of good omen. But we have no Old Etonians in our side.



"THE STRAWBOATERS" WIN AT RAWAL PINDI

This team won the Tradesman's Polo Cup, one of the trophies played for at the Aldershot of India, and beat the Scinde Horse 6½ to 3.

The names, 1. to r.: Mr. Nelson, Major T. J. Comerford, Major G. H. D. Woolcombe and Major R. B. Lambe

As to the last reported match our people have played on Long Island—namely, the one *v.* a side called Piping Rock—and which our full team won by 12 to 9 in a game which Reuter's "Vigilante" seems to have considered a bit ragged, it is evident that this supplies us with no more information than we have already. We cannot know for certain how things are until there is a real trial. Nothing that has happened so far can justly be called that.



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LAWN TENNIS : By GODFREY WINN



KEEPING HER EYES ON THE BALL

Miss Helen Jacobs, the famous American tennis star who recently arrived in England, has already, assisted by W. T. Tilden, gone into training for Wimbledon, where she won the Championship in 1936. The above photograph shows her in action at the Melbury Club

non-stop host. Yet he is never jaded, always genial, and like his charming, pretty wife, as enthusiastic and eager about each new spectacle staged in the arena below us as though he were a schoolboy paying his first visit to the stadium that, with a shrewd *flair* for feeling the pulse of the people, he rules over with such acumen and success. One of the most remarkable showmen in the whole world. Why, I remember once offering a uniformed attendant at Wembley a tip for having guided me through the throng to the players' dressing-rooms, and he refused it with a smile. "We've all got good jobs here and a good boss. So we feel we are part of the team. We don't need tips to keep us up to scratch. We only have to work as hard as the boss himself." That spontaneous little speech has stayed in my memory ever since. It typifies the whole atmosphere at Wembley, which, incidentally, has done more than any other centre in this country to foster international friendship through sport. And what an escape from the eternal war-mongering scares it is to sit there in the obscurity of the auditorium's darkness and watch the figures of athletes, rippling with life, performing the same unconscious gyrations as were first captured upon the friezes of the Parthenon, over two thousand years ago. Budge, in all his triumphant arrogance of supremity, poised to serve; a discus-thrower, with arm stretched back, and every muscle taut and eager, silhouetted in stone. Yes, where is the difference? Somehow that instinctive comparison makes the eternity of sudden death to retreat, the glory of life, this living minute, to re-burgeon. This little space on earth that we have to enjoy. Why do we waste so many precious hours worrying about an unknown future? Why will we take as our guiding star the tail-light of a bombing machine? But perhaps it was only the excellent champagne of our host working on me, after all. . . .

Nor is it the first time that I have tasted it. For I have been Arthur Elvin's guest on the night of a big fight, on the night of the annual struggle between Cecilia Colledge and Megan Taylor for supremacy, and on several occasions for professional tennis tournaments; but I never come away disappointed. And that isn't simply because I have been given such a good dinner. The truth is, Arthur Elvin considers he is just as much a host to the man in the cheaper seats as to the film stars—June Duprez was there the same night as myself, and was enthralled, and would not leave, even though her husband kept on reminding her that she had to be at the studio at six o'clock the next morning—and to the socialites, like Mr. and Mrs. Redmond McGrath—how difficult it is to believe that she has grown-up, married children—and to the Big Men in Business, like Sir Gordon

"WHAT a pity you can't eat like this at Wimbledon and watch the tennis at the same time," my companion, Phyllis Satterthwaite exclaimed, as course followed course of the epicurean dinner that Arthur Elvin always provides for his lucky guests, whenever there is a championship of some sort showing at Wembley. That happens almost every night of the week, which turns Elvin himself into a

Craig, the Movietone chief, who was telling me in the interval between the tennis matches that every morning, wet or fine, seven o'clock finds him on a nearby golf course hitting twenty balls in a row, one after the other, down the fairway. In consequence, at the age of forty-seven, he is playing the best golf of his career, and looks as fit as a young man just down from the 'Varsity, and starting in business. Incidentally, he told me another of his health secrets when he accidentally confessed that, on both the previous nights, he had been so tired at the end of a grinding day at the office, that he had turned in by nine o'clock. If only more youngsters, when they are equally fagged-out, would have the courage to give in, instead of trying to keep up the unequal struggle on a surfeit of alcohol, there would be far fewer tired hearts and chronic liverers in the thirties, let alone the forties.


And what do you think of the achievement of Bill Tilden, in his forty-seventh year, defeating Vines in straight sets? A Pygmalion miracle, I would have said, not having seen the match (but having watched the one in which Vines nosed home against Nusslein), were it not for the fact that, only a few weeks ago on this page, I put properly in his place a certain sports writer who had suggested disparagingly that Big Bill was nowadays very small fry indeed. If I had needed any proof to support my rebuke, I had it in full measure at Wembley, when the crowd, I am told, gave Tilden an ovation at the end of the match that he will remember to his dying day. But I hope you will believe me this time at any rate, when I assert that there is still a great deal of life in the old trouper. And what a trouper he is! If only within the next three years, an open tournament could be instituted, what pleasure I would receive from watching Tilden mop up some of the young players, half his age, shamateurs down to their last free shoe-lace, who visit Wembley, when a professional tournament is in progress, with the same expression on their curiously unintelligent faces, as though they were peering at the newly-opened Pets' Corner at the Zoo. It is extraordinary how difficult it has been to scotch the libel that the professionals do not try among themselves, but simply pool their prize-money afterwards. Human nature being what it is, I can hardly imagine that Budge will throw away the legitimate opportunity of winning a cool five hundred pounds. The truth is, he had to get extremely hot, and had some very nervous moments before he finally overcame the exquisitely-graded opposition of Nusslein. But personally I am bored stiff with the eternal argument of why the so-called amateurs and professionals should never be allowed to meet, except off the court. Bored stiff because there is no argument. Only a monstrous middle-class prejudice, fanned by a lot of petty, bourgeois officials, who secretly imagine that by keeping Wimbledon "sacred," they will advance their own position and social prestige. Of course, officially they call their "dog-in-the-manger" attitude advancing the best interests of the game. Well, let me put on record that one club, the Wimbledon of Eire, the Fitzwilliam Club in Dublin, really is advancing the best interests of the game by allowing the troupe that has been performing at Wembley to give exhibitions



MISS BETTY BATT IN ACTION

This coming-on young tennis player, the pundits say, is going to be very much in the limelight before long. Since last summer her play has improved out of all recognition, and she has one of the prettiest styles that have been seen for a long time

(Continued on page ii)



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SOLITAIRE

By N. K. LOCK.

THERE are those, I believe, who collect antiques because of their survival through the vicissitudes of centuries; others who select carefully, not for age alone, but for design, texture and perfect craftsmanship, and, of course, there are those for whom the value of a piece rests solely on the price they have paid for it. For myself there has always been an interest beyond any of these things, for besides a genuine love of antiques I have had, in connection with them, some very curious and tantalising experiences. They have not always been pleasant, these events which, for a flash, have linked me with a past that has given to some old piece the character we admire: sometimes they have been definitely frightening; but that is the penalty of any form of contact with the supernatural. I have never deliberately sought such contacts, and they come so unaccountably that I do not know whether they can be avoided; but even my experience with the solitaire set, terrifying though it was, did not cure me of my interest in antiques.

I was walking through Red Lion Passage when I saw it. I had been working late at my chambers in Gray's Inn and had left by the gate at the end of Warwick Court and was making for Southampton Row by way of Sandiland Street and Red Lion Square, proposing to take a hackney carriage home. For this was some time ago, you understand, when I was a young man.

Even to-day Red Lion Passage is not a brilliantly lighted place at night, and I dare say it has changed little, if at all, since that time. There are still the old, uneven flagstones, drained by a central runnel, and on either side the cave-like shops where you may buy coal or firewood, fried fish, books or bric-à-brac. Between the shops are the uncommunicative doors of dwelling-houses which are let off in odd rooms as workshops, studios and lodgings for art students. I could never pass one of those back-street shops, where the windows are stuffed with old porcelain, dusty books, trinkets and furniture, without pausing and, often enough, entering. In those days a rare piece could often be picked up in such places, and there were three of them in Red Lion Passage.

The passage was thickly dark on this particular night, but at the back of one of the shops was a dim light, and as I passed, the window a quiet scintillation in one corner caught my eye. I paused to peer curiously, and then I rubbed the smudged and dirty glass and looked again. A solitaire set lay there, but it was no ordinary affair of glass marbles. In each hole of the board lay something which winked and gleamed in the feeble light like a star on a misty night. It was late, but I was so curious that I turned to the door, thinking even as it gave to my touch that the shopkeeper kept late hours; but the owners of these small places lived on the premises and were often independent about such matters.

I stood for a moment just inside the door, waiting for my sight to adjust itself, for I could see little at first of the crowded interior but bulky shapes shouldering up like sleeping beasts. Then, as I stretched out my hand towards a solid object on which to knock for attention, I could not help starting, for I found the shopman standing just beside me. I had neither seen nor heard him come—perhaps he had been standing there all the time, but it was as though one of the pieces of furniture had sprung to life. He broke the silence of my tongue-tied surprise, bidding me a civil good-evening, and as civilly answering my enquiry.

"The solitaire set? Certainly, sir."

He made his way with the ease of familiarity through the precarious jumble of the place and stooped into the window, to return bearing the board carefully in his two hands. "Would you care to step into the parlour, sir? The light is better there."

He did not wait for me to reply, but went straight on, leaving me to follow, but as he came to the door he paused for a moment and glanced over his shoulder, adding, "Mind the step, sir, if you please."

And it was then that I realised what a big man he was, for, silhouetted against the light, his shoulders looked so broad and powerful as to almost touch each side of the door frame, and he had to stoop under the lintel. Then he passed down two steps and I followed him into the parlour. It was a

small room, sparsely furnished, yet it seemed cramped and overcrowded with that great man within it. He leant over the table in the centre and then stood back, and there lay the solitaire set, winking and gleaming in the yellow light of the oil-lamp suspended from the ceiling.

"Perhaps they are only good reproductions" was my first thought, but when I looked more closely I saw that the pieces were genuine gems. I stretched out my hand and picked up first one and then another. I forgot the shopkeeper, and my curiosity deepened to amazement, for each of those solitaire pieces was a jewelled button. They were all old and fashioned like flowers, with sepals of silver curving up to enclose a centre of one big gem—this one a ruby, that a sapphire, another an amethyst, and between each point of the sepals a diamond was set like a drop of dew. They were such buttons as were worn in the old days in the dress doublets of the more wealthy Highland chieftains. As I examined them I discovered that they were not all the same; half a dozen matched, then three, while two were of quite different design from the rest, with an arrangement of small stones, instead of the centre gem—but the set of thirty-three was entirely composed of buttons.

When I looked up at last I found the shopkeeper standing watching me, his hands behind his back, his shadow enormous on the wall behind.

"A curious set, sir, is it not?" he remarked. "If I might say so, quite unique."

"Yes," I replied, "I admit one does not usually play solitaire with buttons."

"Not with buttons like those. You'll not find the like if you search the world over."

He smiled, and it was then that I began to feel dislike of him, for the smile showed the stumps of very bad teeth, and I am impatient of the results of neglect. I felt that, although my curiosity about the gems was so great, I might do well to be curious also about the dealer. He might be a fence, and I did not wish to be involved in any subsequent trouble.

"Do you know anything about the set?" I asked casually.

"I know all about it," answered the fellow, and his smile broke into a laugh—a peculiar laugh, not loud, but with a gloating note in it, as if unpleasant retrospect was relished and some future vileness anticipated. My dislike and distrust deepened and my curiosity abated. I wanted only to conclude my purchase and get into the open with the gems. The parlour seemed intolerably stuffy with the heat of the oil-lamp and the fire in the hob-grate to the left.

"Well," I asked briskly, "what is your price for them?"

He looked at me with his broken-toothed smile, and said slowly, "The set is yours, sir, if you will sit down to a game with it now—and win."

The statement was so astonishing that I could make no reply, and after a moment he shrugged. "Very well, sir, I see you do not care to try the game. It is simple enough, but—" He stretched towards the board and I found my voice.

"Wait a moment. Your words surprised me. I have not said I would not play. But did I understand you to say that if I played a game now, and won, the set would be mine?"

"Yes."

"One game?"

"One game only."

"And if I lose?"

"If you lose—I retain the set." His smile broadened for a moment, and then he added: "But the game is simple enough. You know it?"

"Of course. An old woman's game."

"Perhaps. But come, sir, sit to the table. I can see you like the set, and you must admit the price is cheap."

I was about to say, as I looked up, that it was too cheap, but the expression in the man's eyes checked me. The anticipation I had noticed had sharpened, though I could see he tried to conceal it, but there was challenge there, too, and the hint of a taunt, and I was young enough to resent it. I turned and pulled up a chair. The man's hands came down on either side of the board, and pushed it slowly across the table towards me. They were broad hands, with little pads of coarse hair on the backs of the stubby fingers, and

(Continued on page 416.)

A GREYHOUND DERBY "PERSONALITY"



A striking photograph of Mr. G. J. Heast's "Roeside Creamery," winner of the 1938 "Pall Mall" at Harringay and one of the favourites for the Greyhound Derby at White City on June 24th. The measurements of "Roeside Creamery"—Height: 27 inches, Girth: 30½ inches, Tail: 18½ inches—are the formula of almost perfect racing greyhound dimensions.

SOLITAIRE—(Continued from page 414)

the skin had grown over more than half of each nail. I looked away from them—they were so ugly and so powerful—only to catch again the greedy eagerness in the man's stooping face. I felt an urge to get up and run from the shop, but the board lay before me on the dark polished surface of the table, its gems like a little constellation, and the fellow was saying in quite a normal voice:

"There, sir, the board is set."

It occurred to me as I dismissed my fears that it might have been wise to have demanded a written agreement, but after all, even if he refused to part with the set after the game, I should not have lost anything, save a little time, and that, at this hour, was my own. I was quite confident that I would win. I had never played, but I had watched others amuse themselves at the game, and it seemed simple enough. One had only to remove piece after piece, in the manner of "taking" with draughtsmen, until one piece only remained on the board.

I stretched out my hand and began. The vacant hole, when I had removed the first piece, looked like an empty eye-socket in a skull brown with age and mould. The shopkeeper drew up a chair on the other side of the table and sat down, leaning across his folded arms.

It was when six of the glittering buttons lay beside the board that I suddenly realised I had been playing too fast, for I had almost left one piece stranded with no other near with which to "take" it. I looked up and found the shopkeeper watching my face, and his eyes were bright, like two of the buttons on the table. I knew that he was waiting for something and dropped my own glance to the board again, and each jewelled button winked back at me. One or two, lying a little crooked in their sockets, seemed to squint, and over them glistened the eyes of the shopkeeper in the shadows of his jutting brows. I lifted my hand to move another piece, and then—I felt almost paralysed. I realised, with a horrid suddenness and certainty, that something more lay in this game than the mere playing, and that the shopkeeper knew it, too. But how should I play? Should I ponder each move like a chess-player, working out the consequences to the end? Or should I play fast, depending on quick wit and observation to show me error before it was too late? This game was so different from others. Every move depended on oneself.

In other games one's opponent might make a slip, but in this I had no opponent of whose misjudgments I might take advantage. I had thought the room close, but now I felt it cold and damp, and when the steps of some late home-goers sounded down Red Lion Passage they seemed to echo from another world. The shopkeeper began to talk, and as I cautiously lifted button after button from the board I had to listen.

"You asked just now if I knew anything about these buttons with which you play so cautiously, and I said I knew all about them. Now I will tell you. Do not be so very careful, or you may lose your game; but do not be too bold, either. The men who wore these buttons once were not so cautious. They staked all on a single game—and that game could only be lost once." He paused, and a coal clanged from the grate into the iron pan below, startling the silence. I took another button from the board and the man went on.

"Poor men played it, and rich men with great names. Those who did not play called it Treason; those who did called it a Sacred Cause." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Brave men and greedy men; some loyal to the end to that for which they played; others who could never be loyal to anything or to anyone. The game was played to a finish twice, in 1715 and 1745, and among those who

lost there were many who came to pay their debts at the scaffold. They clad themselves in their best, velvets and silks and new perukes, as though they went to their weddings, mounting the steps with heads high—Lord Balmerine, Lord Kenmure and young Derwentwater, and many more. They were not afraid to die, but they all wanted one thing—to die quickly. They were noble and had been spared the horrors of Tyburn, the rope, the knife, and the flame; but the axe was not quick enough for them. They knew that it is not easy to sever the head with one blow, but that was what they wanted. Many, therefore, bethought them to make their executioner a present. Some of these fine gentlemen came to the place with no more than they stood up in. But they were not at a loss—a diamond buckle, a jewelled clasp, a ring, the very buttons from their coats. . . ."

He paused, and our glances met above the board. His great shoulders were hunched a little, his powerful hands rested together on the table, but his figure seemed hazy, only the glistening eyes were sharp, and in their black pupils I could see, in tiny miniature, myself, the solitaire board, and the shining buttons which still remained grouped in the centre holes. I looked down at the board and began again to play—the last moves. But I cannot remember what they were. My mind was centred on the man opposite and his terrible, casual talk of the scaffold, as though he knew. I felt dizzy, and it seemed as though the mist outside had penetrated into the little back room. I felt myself swaying forward, upwards towards that man. I dragged my heavy feet, one after the other, up narrow steps, with a constriction in my throat and a roaring in my ears. It grew as I mounted: the surging sound of the voices of a great concourse, a blood-drunk crowd. I stood at the top of the steps and faced the man opposite. A black mask hid all but his eyes, and I lowered mine.

I saw the great hands with the little pads of coarse hair on the back of the fingers. I thought: "They are strong hands and should make short work." And still I dropped my glance down from the gripping fingers along a haft of wood, to a wide, dull blade, to the boards on which I stood, and they were brownly spattered with blood.

There was a grip on my arm then and a voice said, "If ye've aught to say, my lord, say it now, and make a speedy end to it."

I looked down upon the mass of upturned faces, blurred and pallid, on piles standing up stiffly like bulrushes from a pool, and beyond to grey-bastioned walls and round towers, and I straightened my shoulders and lifted my head, and, though my mouth was parched, my voice came strongly:

"I have only one thing to say," I cried, and a shiver passed over the mere of faces; "I have come here to suffer an ignominious death, but not for an ignominious crime. I have endeavoured to do my duty and to serve my rightful king, and I die for so doing. God save King James the Third!"

The hands on my arms turned me about as a murmur and some shouts came from the crowd, and my eyes met those of the headsmen.

"Make short work!" I gasped, as they stripped off my coat. "Take the coat—the buttons . . . are yours. . . ."

As they bound my wrists and bandaged my eyes I heard myself cry loudly "I have won. . . !"

I opened my eyes and, swaying on my feet, looked down at the table, at the glittering buttons and the board—one piece alone lay in the holes—and the man opposite was laughing as he pointed at it: "Solitaire, sir! You have won! The buttons are yours!"

I had won, but when I looked at him I turned and stumbled in clumsy haste out of the shop, leaving behind the unique, grim solitaire set I had won. And even after all these years I can still hear the sadistic laugh which followed me out.



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. NEAME AND TIMOTHY

Timothy, who has just celebrated his first birthday, is the great-nephew of General Sir Felix Ready, a former Quartermaster-General to the Forces. His father served during the war with the Coldstream Guards, retiring with the rank of Captain in 1919. Mrs. Neame, as Daisy Hancox, was a star in musical comedy in former days

GARRARDS

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to the Crown*



LORD NUFFIELD HANDS OVER THE MILLIONTH MORRIS

The recipient was Captain Eric Waley, O.B.E., chairman of Guy's Hospital Appeal Committee, and the place Grosvenor House. The man who provided motoring for the masses can truthfully say that he has never made a bad car. Lord Nuffield is Hon. Colonel of the 52nd (London) A.A. Brigade R.A. (T.A.)

Over to Scotland.

THIS week we go over to Scotland. Eight hundred miles in four days, seasoned by snappy tests *en route*, form the basis of the Rally which concludes at Glasgow about the time these notes appear. Many of those who started at the R.A.C. Brighton Rally have entered, among them being Viscountess Chetwynd with her 30-h.p. Ford, H. B. Browning on the Cape record Wolseley, and Colonel Wilkinson, Colonel Ripon, R. S. Crouch and Mrs. Eccles on a variety of extra special and seductive Daimlers. Sports cars are represented by coveys of S.S., M.G., B.M.W., Riley and Alvis.

For two days the Rally centres at Atholl Palace, Pitlochry, where, among many other attractions, you can learn Highland dancing. The band is tip-top, so enlivening that it even pulls the grannies out of their armchairs and makes them dance. Another feature at this place is a special hotel for chauffeurs. Bedrooms are fitted up with running water and built-in cupboards, there are baths and showers and a comfortable reading-room well stocked with illustrated papers. The Highland atmosphere must be extra bracing here, for on my last visit I found two of the grannies having a bicycle race on the pedalling machine in the gymnasium.

A New Austin "Ten."

A new Austin "Ten" was introduced recently by Lord Austin at Longbridge. It is the descendant of 200,000 tens from the same factory which now employs 16,000 men on the manufacture of cars, and another 10,000 on aircraft. The new car costs £175 and £185, according to body type. Its frontal aspect features a die-cast radiator grille and alligator-top bonnet which gives easy access to the engine. Weight has been saved and performance and economy enhanced by a new type of chassis construction. A steel floor is welded to the side members and the body and bonnet are then bolted on to it to form an exceptionally robust and rigid unit. The



BOBBY LOCKE AND HIS RECENTLY-ACQUIRED HILLMAN "MINX"

The famous golfer and winner of the Irish Open Championship and South African Open Championship has recently purchased one of these grand little cars, the order for which was placed with the Hillman Distributors in Port Elizabeth before Mr. Locke left South Africa. Incidentally, this car is very suited to a golfer as its locker accommodation has ample room for four sets of golf clubs

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

body is roomy and both front and rear seats most comfortable. There are 42½ inches between the rear arm-rests and seven cubic feet of luggage space in the boot. The container lid lets down to support one cwt. of luggage. The spare wheel is carried inside the boot, but in its own private compartment. The side-valve engine gives 32 h.p. at 4000 r.p.m., and the performance of the car is said to be sprightly. As 35 per cent. of the home sales at present are confined to the 10-h.p. class, this new Austin, with the Company's great name for dependability behind it, is certain of success.

Family Holiday Problem.

A correspondent sets me a problem. She, her husband and daughter, are forced by circumstances to make holiday in August. Hitherto they have always gone abroad where they find the food and service good and prices reasonable. This year, however, they would prefer a British place on the sea and near a golf course where they can obtain good value and service but at a figure rather under the usual five or six guineas a head that prevails at holiday time. There must be hundreds of families in the same predicament. They don't want the boarding-house sort of place, and can't afford the first-class places at the height of the season.

And the Answer.

There are several ways out of the difficulty. One is to take a long week-end and explore the chosen district now before the rush. The odds are that they will discover a suitable hotel or farmhouse, especially in such districts as Devonshire, Cornwall and Wales, where the country folk specialise in this sort of thing. Another suggestion is to hire a caravan, but again this should be done immediately. The success of a caravan holiday largely depends on the women of the party. They'll find all the equipment is supplied with the vehicle and a variety of shapes, sizes and circumference to choose from. Caravan hirers are sometimes located on main roads, an excellent one being based at K.C.B. near Benson on the Henley-Oxford road west of the new aerodrome.

Having sampled the adventure of this form of holiday one may be tempted to acquire the caravan habit. A vehicle like the Eccles National costs £130, while a more elaborate model, the Imperial, which features four berths in two compartments, kitchen, lavatory, flush-fitting oak furniture, gas stove and oven, radiator and lamps costs £210.

Honourably Stolen.

The magpie instinct of some travellers is notorious. Spoons bearing hotel emblems are considered valuable mementoes of a tour, for which reason wise proprietors now order spoons without any individual adornment. I have even heard of eiderdowns being removed by not at all poverty-stricken guests. Ashtrays, of course, are bagged by the score, which doubtless inspired a great and glorious hotel in Portugal to print on the undersides of its ashtrays "Honourably stolen from the ——— Hotel, Lisbon."



An important new tyre

A new Avon motor tyre is now available. It represents a development in motor tyre performance which is of more than ordinary importance. This new Avon combines almost complete silence with road-holding and cornering power which have been developed by a new technique to a degree never previously attained. It has, also, the strength and toughness to give satisfactory mileage under all road conditions. Available in Standard and Heavy Duty types, the new Avon is priced but five per cent. higher.

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By



Holloway, Northampton

AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. T. MACLEAN AND GROUP CAPTAIN W. H. DUNN

Watching a fly-past of bombers at Cranfield R.A.F. station when Air Vice-Marshal Maclean handed over the official crest of No. 62 Bomber Squadron

hundred kilometres an hour is already in sight. It is claimed that a German machine has already nearly attained it. Certainly nobody is going to be stopped by the next 200 kilometres an hour—shock wave or no shock wave. Then what?

In aviation no sooner do you begin to think that the inventors and designers are nearing the end of their tether than they get hold of something new which offers fresh opportunities for development. There are several possible lines of progress—but one only has to look far enough forward and one realises that they reach—nowhere. If you add up all the improvements claimed for one invention or another since the beginning of aviation, you find that by now we ought to be flying at infinite speeds and heights, and with infinite loads, without having to use any petrol or oil to do so! That would bring us full cycle, and we could give up our aviation altogether and get back to our cabbages. It may be some Freudian kink, but I confess that when I see the sky disturbed by hundreds of aeroplanes, I long for that final consummation when there will not be any at all. But, meanwhile, we must keep our noses to the universal, multi-stage milling-machine, and continue to build aeroplanes just as quickly as we know how, and in as great numbers as our national resources will permit.

Second Stage.

When I went round the Empire Air Day shows, I tried to sum up our present position relative to Germany in the air. Such summing-up must be guesswork. The British Government has shown clearly more than once that it is not accurately informed as to Germany's air strength, and those individuals who pretend to be accurately informed must be treated with suspicion. But if, as in my case, one reads most of the air news, and is in touch with our industry and our Air Force, one stands a fair chance of arriving at an approximation of the true position. I would say this: that in the technical quality of the aircraft in general service in the Air Force squadrons, Britain has established a long lead.

Let me amplify that before the quibblers can begin their inevitable misinterpretations. I am not dealing with a few specialised types, but with

Balance.

WHEN you come to think of it, cabbage-growing is a nobler, more practically useful, more interesting, and more highly technical process than designing, building and flying aeroplanes. And when this present fitful fever is finally assuaged, man will return to cabbage-growing and kindred sports and pastimes. But, meanwhile, how far will he go in the frenzied manipulation of machinery; how far, how fast, and how high? That is the question which intruded itself during the Empire Air Day celebrations, and the show for Members of Parliament at Northolt. The "Spitfire" does 583 kilometres an hour flying light, or 557 kilometres an hour with full military equipment. Eight

the machines already used for the ordinary equipment of a large proportion of the total first-line strength. We have the "Spitfire" and the "Hurricane" fighters; the "Blenheim," the "Battle," the "Hampden," and the "Wellington" bombers; the "Sunderland" flying-boats. They are all in actual service in large numbers. I am not going to say that the Germans have not got better machines—though I have yet to hear of anything in service faster than the "Spitfire," or with a longer range for a given load than the "Wellington"—but I am going to say that they have not got better machines among the basic types of their air arm.

Numbers.

In technical quality, then, I am convinced that we hold the lead, and in air warfare technical quality is of enormous importance. In numbers, however, I believe we are still far behind. If we assume that the actual increase in first-line strength of the German air arm as a result of the Czechoslovak coup was only 500 machines, it is impossible to assess German strength to-day below 4000 first-line aeroplanes, and it may be up to 4500. So if we take our whole Air Force into account, and not just the home-defence side, we are at a strength less than half the German. We are still far behind in numerical strength; much too far behind.

One other primary consideration—productive capacity. The German productive capacity is enormous, and it was put up twenty-five or thirty per cent. by the Czechoslovak coup. We have been doing well in building up productive capacity; but we are not now doing well enough. We still believe that our resources are such that we can build fast enough with one hand in our pocket, and that is no longer true.

New factories are still being opened, but there is no plan that I have heard about which visualises the gigantic scale of production we must undertake. We must double the Air Force numerically, we must maintain the existing technical lead, and we must double our productive capacity. That, put in the rough, is the essential objective. With the fullest co-operation with the French, it is an objective which can be reached.



THE 907th COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX BALLOON SQUADRON IN CAMP AT WEST WYCOMBE PARK

At the invitation of Sir John Dashwood, the 907th County of Middlesex Balloon Squadron spent a week-end camp recently at West Wycombe Park, Sir John and Lady Dashwood's lovely home. Sir John is a Flying Officer in this particular Squadron. The names in the above group are (l. to r.) Squadron Leader Lucke, Squadron Leader Geoffrey Aste, Fl.-Lieut. Gifford, Adjutant, and F.-O. Sir John Dashwood

This England . . .



Surrey farm, nr. Dorking

MUCH do we owe to the Great Horse of England and Henry VIII was at one time much concerned for its due maintenance. Wherefore his Bill for the Breed of Horses begins: "For as much as the breed and generation of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth not only to a great help and defence of the same but is also a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants . . ." The clauses enact that all forests, chases and commons be "driven" within fifteen days of Michaelmas and all colts unpromising, and horses not being of the "height of fifteen handfulls," be destroyed. Ruthless, but it gave us the handsome "Shire" of to-day—2,000 lbs. of docile, intelligent strength. And who but those same men fostered that great beer of England, your Worthington—also strong yet docile, bred to aid us royally through the labours of the day.



Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 407)

An announcement was published quite recently that the Naval Police at all dockyards and ports were to be armed.

Another thing that was published lately was this:

"Police are trying to trace the owner of an 18-ft. auxiliary yacht, *Venus*, which has been lying abandoned off Ryde, Isle of Wight, for a week.

"When the vessel arrived off the esplanade a young man and woman, both well dressed, came ashore carrying attaché cases. They gave the names of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and left for London early next morning.

"The man said the yacht was leaking and would be taken on to *Chichester*.

"Police, making inquiries, found in the yacht a suitcase containing women's clothing and also part of a cigarette case bearing the name of the Rev. A. Cameron, Redcastle Manse, Ross and Cromarty . . ." and so forth and so on.

* * *

A correspondent who desires to be anonymous, but whose letter, name and address are at the immediate disposal of any intelligent and duly authorized people, writes to me:

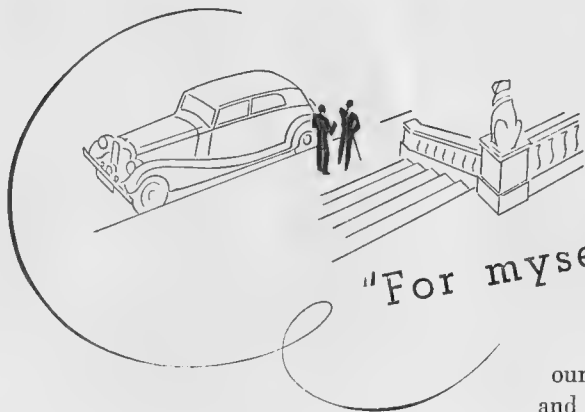
"Doubtless you are aware of the difficulties of entering *Chichester Harbour*, of the dangerous shifting sands on one side, and the shingle



THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HUNT PUPPY SHOW

A fine lot of puppies were on view at the Kennels, Stadhampton, where the show took place recently, and the walkers are very much to be congratulated. Seen watching the parade of prize winners are Mrs. S. E. Ashton, wife of Colonel "Sam" Ashton, a South Oxfordshire well-known, Lady Farquhar, wife of Sir Peter Farquhar, one of the judges, and Sir William Mount, M.F.H.

bank on the other, not to speak of bars where, at times, there are only a few feet of water. Further on there is *Itchenor*. At this spot really tucked away, there must be hundreds of yachts of all sizes and descriptions. There are also numerous ones manned by Germans and Austrians. But this is my point. There appears to be no way of stopping these people from entering any anchorage they like. Though there are Customs men who come on board to see who you are, etc. (they did not trouble us on Sunday). It is so easy for *anyone* to get inside the harbour in a way, as it is impossible for even the Customs men to bar your way, on account of, as I have said, the difficulties of being beached going into *Chichester Harbour*. When having dinner at a most charming inn run by a retired N.O., I heard a conversation between a man and a woman and he was saying that he could not believe that there could be so many Germans who are allowed to land at this port. What the Government should do is to post police guards outside the entrance to the harbour, and compel people to stand by sufficiently, to enable them to land, and make proper inquiries as to where they come from, etc., etc. This would not entail any danger to anyone, though in the case of yachts without an engine, which is more difficult, the police should accompany them as far as their moorings. Many people are scared of coming into *Chichester Harbour*, and that may be the reason why so many foreigners apparently for other reasons, do not hesitate to enter."



"For myself, I am one metre ninety long"

A customer from Normandy walked into Hanover Square one sunny morning recently; for some Frenchmen buy their cars as well as their shoes in London. We barely kept pace with his rapid strides as he toured our showrooms, but gathered he wanted one car to suit all his needs; elegance of line and interior appointment, luggage capacity, a division, in fact a car suited to the Bois and grande tourisme alike.

That was simple, we have much experience in designing a sports saloon with division and dropping window. But next he gave us exact measurements "For myself, I am one metre ninety long"; of his wife; and Gaston, apparently a peer among chauffeurs despite his lack of inches; all three must drive in maximum comfort. But then we should like to show our method of combining a sliding seat with an interior division; we think it looks well. The coachwork was by James Young.

We delivered his car in France some weeks later, and that car showed in every line a Barclay design, that allies real solid comfort with an original yet restrained interpretation of modern lines. It was just one more of those highly specialized and individual cars that leave Hanover Square from time to time . . . incidentally, we believe that your tastes may alter or crystallize if you come and see the largest selection of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in the world, just opposite St. George's Church.

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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 412)

there in the near future. What irony that out of all the towns to be visited, the L.T.A. is refusing the opportunity to clubs under their jurisdiction to swell their usually depleted exchequer, in a perfectly legitimate manner. The percentage of the gate that would come to them, they could use in improving the condition of their grass courts, putting down more hard courts, engaging a coach, for their youngsters in the summer holidays, in a dozen ways that would serve the best interests in the game. But no. Amateurism, the pure flame of amateurism (excuse my yawning), must be protected. No matter what the cost.

And I am bored stiff, too, by the attitude of the council towards the problem of shamateurism that, like sex, keeps on rearing its ugly head, and like sex, too, seems to bring out all the latent hypocrisy in the human system. After weeks of hush-hush committee meetings, and Star Chamber methods of interrogating our leading players, last week an official announcement is made and distributed to the Press, to the effect that four players have been warned, "that the leniency exercised on this occasion will not be shown in respect of any further breach of the rules."

The crime of Messrs. Deloford, C. M. Jones, B. E. Whiteman and Miss Jean Saunders was that they had allowed a tournament committee to put them up at a hotel, under the impression that they were the guests of the corporation. It seems a reasonable enough surmise. Besides, they had all been invited by the committee and promised private hospitality which they are permitted to accept. So they thought no more about it at the time. *Nor would you.* Well, would you? I am sure I should have had a perfectly clear conscience under similar circumstances. And I don't feel the four players who have had their names bandied abroad should allow themselves to be put off their game during the rest of the season. For they know perfectly well—everyone connected with the game knows—that what they did is considered the legitimate prerogative of all first-class players, who are invited round the country to play here, and play there, for one reason and one only. Not because they are such charming people, but because they have a drawing power. They keep the turnstiles busy. Besides, what is free hospitality for the week, wherever the board and lodging may be situated, compared with the practice of some players—and I could give you their names if it served any useful purpose—who privately boast that they are paid by a certain racket maker to use a certain brand of racket, and always to practise with a certain type of ball, and only to play in those tournaments, where all the equipment is supplied by a certain sports firm. And most of all, boast that not only do the committees provide them with free accommodation, free drinks, and free laundry, but also with free pocket money and free railway tickets.

But, I repeat, I am bored stiff with the whole argument. Because all these breakdowns in the amateur system have been painfully obvious for years now, and if the L.T.A. are going at last to take up a high and mighty attitude about these breaches—and if amateurism is as worth preserving as they would suggest by their rigid enmity towards the professionals—they *must* then, for heaven's sake, let them really get down to it, let them be honest and resolute and above all, ruthless, even if it does mean that wholesale suspensions are the result. All that they have done at present is to stir up a most unpretty stink without in any way scotching the source, the real source of the trouble. And so the farce goes on. Give me the nice clean atmosphere of Wembley any day!

GODFREY WINN.

Practically one of the first things that one associates with summer is lawn tennis and with that is automatically coupled the name of En Tout Cas, since they are without doubt the leading manufacturers of all tennis equipment. They go even further than that, for squash courts, swimming pools, the laying out of sports grounds and aerodromes are among the many other things in which this firm specializes. First and foremost, however, to demand attention are their world-famous red hard courts which have been used for the British Hard Court championships for the last ten years, the Junior championships for the past twelve years, and the International Professional championships for the last four years. For anybody wanting a hard court with no upkeep trouble attached, then the En Tout Cas seems admirably to meet the case. Many people think that a hard court must be expensive, but En Tout Cas charge approximately £140-£175 according to colour and quality. To those who may at present have a semi-loose surface court, the charge of conversion to the no-upkeep type is between £100 and £145. In addition to this, the company have a well organized and equipped department for the design and construction of gardens, including a thoroughly skilled staff of foreman craftsmen and gardeners. To do real justice to the amazing capabilities of this firm would need a volume, so by far the wisest thing to do is to write for their very comprehensive catalogue for 1939, where their activities in every form are described. Their address is En Tout Cas Co., Ltd., Syston, near Leicester.



"AND NOW FOR A GOOD LONG DRINK"

says OLD HETHERS

"I like to see the not-so-young showing the youngsters a thing or two, but take my tip—be careful of what you drink when you come off the courts. After a strenuous game there's nothing safer and better for your system than a glass of Robinson's Barley Water and nothing more cooling or more delicious. It's made from pure barley and you have the choice of three flavourings—lemon, lime or orange. Try them all and in any event please yourself. By the way, the Wimbledon stars are drinking my barley water again this year—I'm rather proud of my Centre Court record . . ."

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BARLEY WATER

Price 1/9 per bottle—Lemon or
Lime or Orange as you prefer

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



EVERYONE was delighted with the fashions which Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, recently showed at the "Dorchester." The collection was full of imagination and showed that there was a definite turn towards graceful and flattering modes, also that fashion never repeats itself—it is only the trend that does so. There were period ideas carried out so as to be in harmony with the life of today. There were crinoline and bridal gowns; in the latter the Romany influence was noticeable. Portrayed on this page is a lovely model destined to make its début in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. It is of an exquisite shade of organza, which may be described as a lightened marine. The very full skirt and upper-part of the short-sleeved-corsage is strewn with embroidered net motifs, the scheme being completed with a high-crowned Welsh peasant hat

Picture by Blake

Perfume by Yardley

LAVENDER OF COURSE—

She wears a cheeky check by Digby Morton and a gay straw hat, and whether she walks in town or country her perfume will be Yardley Lavender. "The Lovable Fragrance" is her sure companion for light-hearted days, and for informal evenings too. She loves its delicate freshness and delights in its sweet charm. So will you—and fashion's newest note is not more fashionable.



Lavender Perfume at prices between 2/6 and 2 guineas, and the same Lovable Fragrance in a variety of toilet luxuries: Soap (box of three tablets) 2/6. Face Powder 2/-. Lavendomeal 3/- to 9/6. Talc 2/6.

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Colour & Charm



THE Tootal fabrics really are delightful. There is something about them which places them on a plane apart, and the prices are pleasant. The Chesro models on this page are made of these materials, and they have gone into residence at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The tennis suit on the left is made of Tootal's "Lystav." The shorts are cut to give freedom of movement, but when the wearer is stationary they give the appearance of a skirt. In various hip sizes they cost twenty-five shillings



A TOLL has been levied on Tootal's "Toolina" for the fashioning of the frock on the right. It is reinforced with a sliding fastening, and in four sizes costs thirty shillings. Think of the infinite variety of occasions when it may appropriately be worn. It seems to have been designed to greet the spring sunshine. A strong point in its favour is that it does not become crushed when packed



IT is Tootal's "Tootavis" which has been used for the evening dress above. It is available in a variety of colour schemes including pink and wine, white and navy, and ice blue and navy, while the coatee is of a contrasting shade to tone. One may become the possessor of it for three guineas. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it would be an ideal frock when cruising, and for country wear. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that these charming dresses may be seen in the Débutante's Department on the second floor at Marshall & Snelgrove

Pictures by Blake

THE TATLER, MAY 31, 1939

-and soda by Schweppes of course



READ, MARK, LEARN . . .

Science and Art.

NATURAL beauty is comparatively rare. Many women are described as beautiful, but this is frequently due to the skill of the beauty specialist they consult, whose handiwork defies detection. Nevertheless, the results are there. Deeply ingrained in the heart of every woman is the desire to be beautiful. Josephine Kell, 24 Old Bond Street, declares that individualism is all-important and invites women to come and consult her regarding their facial troubles. She has made a life-long study of the subject, and is extremely sympathetic. Under her treatments (which are sure to meet with success) wrinkles are banished, sagging contours take unto themselves the lines of youth, superfluous hair is removed, and the skin itself becomes soft and velvety; as a matter of fact, women become rejuvenated

Electricity with a Difference.

NOW Josephine Kell has studied electricity from all angles, and what a powerful asset it is in the world of beauty. It must be used with the greatest care and thoroughness, and prior to a toll being levied on it the skin must be treated so that it is in a receptive condition. This is very important, and is one of the things which build up the successes in these salons. Consultations are free; it is then that Madame Kell studies her patient from every angle. She finds that behind the features of many faces that are not beautiful lies character and all the fascinations of a vital personality. These can be persuaded to come forth and create a lovely expression. The needs of the scalp are well understood, for, as every woman knows, unless the scalp be healthy the hair cannot be beautiful. After an interview with Madame Kell one comes to the conclusion that science can provide today means of real service in remedying Nature's defects, and that art and science can create true beauty and emphasize the points that are known as personality. It is experience that makes the beauty culturist's advice so valuable to women.

Figure Beauty.

THERE are many women who unconsciously neglect their figures so that, no matter how lovely may be their dresses, a "slovenly" atmosphere surrounds them. This may be overcome in a very simple way by wearing a Flexees foundation garment. There is something for every type of figure, but emphasis must be laid on the fact that time must be spared to be fitted in the first instance. They may be seen in the salons of outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Flexees, 175 Regent Street, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent together with an interesting brochure. These garments mould the figure and afford just the requisite support and protection; there is apparently no visible means of support. As price has always to be considered, it must be related that there are corselettes from 29s. 6d. to six guineas, girdles from 21s. to five guineas, and brassières from 8s. 6d. to 25s. Too much cannot be said in favour of model 1869. The waist is shaped to wear with new high-waisted frocks; there is a special satin lastique yarn front panel, faggoted seams and net sides. For the young girl there are boneless models, innocent of a fastening but with an uplift lace bust. Furthermore, there are many versions of the 1939 brassière.

Man-Tailored Shorts.

A FEW years ago a woman looked askance at shorts and slacks, and the reason for this was that they had the appearance of being made in a hurry. Today no woman of discernment considers her wardrobe complete unless it contains two or three pairs of shorts. The reason for this is they are now man-tailored, slimming and flattering—that is to say, those that bear the name of Phillips. They are sold by all outfitters of prestige, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Phillips (Sports and Country Wear), 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. That all monotony is banished from Phillips's models is emphasized by those portrayed on this page. Those on the left are accompanied by a brassière top and bolero. A very important feature of the outfit on the right is the double pleats over the knees. This makes them just right for tennis wear; the scheme is completed with a blouse to match

Everything One Price.

SHOPPING simplified: Derand, 106 Baker Street, are warmly to be congratulated on having decided that all their suits, dresses and wraps shall be two and a half guineas. There are neat little tailored suits with contrasting coats in gay colours, tailored suits of black and white cloqué with organdie gilets, and much to be desired for the woman of generous proportions are the black and white cloqué dresses with coats that come well down over the hips. A new garment has appeared, in velvet, moiré and other fabrics which can be worn as an evening cloak, but when buttoned down the front it becomes a dress suitable for an informal dinner.

Snow-White and Rose-Red.

"THE rose is red," and so, this season, are your fingernails, the gay gipsy rose-red that Revlon have chosen for their Tringar nail enamel. In three graduated tones, light, medium and dark, it is a flattering finish to snow-white hands and can be bought practically everywhere. Just as a rose blends perfectly with other flowers in a border, so this shade looks charming with almost any colour. The enamel should be applied in long even strokes and will last for days without cracking or peeling.



THIS FREEDOM: SEASIDE SUITS OF 1939



GOOD TASTE marks her choice in most things. With cigarettes her preference is 'cork-tipped', but for good taste she knows they must always be —

Player's



PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED · MEDIUM OR MILD · 10 for 6½^D 20 for 1/0½^D

SOLENT, SO FAR, SO GOOD

The Royal Lymington Yacht Club
successfully opens its season



MAJOR H. J. HALL AND
MISS FARRER-MANBY



A GROUP INCLUDING ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM MUNRO KERR, MR. H. G. GRACE,
MISS GRACE, MR. MUNRO KERR, MISS ALLOTT AND MISS J. GOODHART

Photographs: Arthur Owen



CAPTAIN V. H. GOODHART
AND MISS J. F. GOODHART

Yacht clubs all round the coast are now making a racing start, and at Lymington they had a very satisfactory entry for the opening fixture of their season, on which the sun shone bravely. There are few more charming sights than white sails in a sunlit Solent, particularly at this time of year when the racing yachts are so spick and span with new

paint and new canvas. Admiral Sir William Munro Kerr, an ardent member of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club and the occupant of Afon Lodge, Lymington, became the first naval member of the Royal Australian Naval Board after being Rear-Admiral 1st Battle Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet. He retired three years ago

THE intelligent stockbroker wears clothes that are well built,
and when the markets are against him, he is doubly
thankful that good clothes retain their style throughout their
long life. It must be galling to him to realise that, as an
investment, he can offer nothing to approach them.

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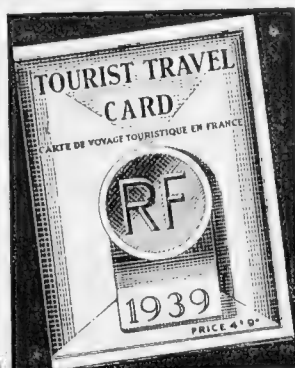
of about 3d. a gallon for motorists (maximum allowance 132 gals.) under certain conditions.

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old buoy



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PIMM'S No. 1



The long drink
with a click in it

*Here's the bottle! 12/6—
and it makes 7 pints.*

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

MISS ISABEL BLAKE

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blake, of The Red House, Betchworth, Surrey, who is engaged to Mr. J. R. Wemyss, Frontier Force Rifles, elder son of the late Vice-Admiral E. W. E. Wemyss and of Mrs. Wemyss, of Knowles Tooth, Hurstpierpoint

Prudence Mary, eldest daughter of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts.; Mr. J. B. B. Ferguson, Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Ferguson, Abbotsdene, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and Babette Hamilton-Smith, only daughter of Mrs. J. F. Hardy-Smith, Apple Tree Court, Lyndhurst, Hampshire, and the late Hon. F. H. Hamilton-Smith; Mr. D. W. Beharrell, youngest son of Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., and Lady Beharrell, of Harpenden, Herts, and Pamela, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearman-Smith, of Moultsford-on-Thames, Berks.; The Reverend J. F. Sandwith, son of the late Dr. F. M. Sandwith, and Mrs. Sandwith, Shelley Court, Tite Street, S.W.3, and Judith Monica Wilberforce, second daughter of Sir Herbert Wilberforce and the late Lady Wilberforce, 2 York House, Kensington

A London Wedding Tomorrow.

Mr. J. A. P. Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk, elder son of Sir Picton Bagge, Bt., C.M.G., and Lady Bagge, is marrying Lena, second daughter of Mr. D. James Davies, C.B.E., Commissioner for Newfoundland in London, and Mrs. Davies. The wedding will be at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Another wedding is that of Lieutenant J. N. Kennard, R.N., and Miss A. C. Borrer, which will take place on June 3 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Recent

Engagements.

Lieutenant L. H. E. F. Tweedie, R.N., H.M.S. *Greyhound*, eldest son of Admiral Sir Hugh and Lady Tweedie, Wraxall House, W r a x a l l, Somerset, and



Bertram Park

MISS BEATRICE MAUDSLAY

The eldest daughter of Mr. H. H. Maudslay and Mrs. Maudslay, of Hay Mews, Mayfair, who is to marry Mr. H. B. Gough, eldest son of the late Captain Wilfred Gough (Welsh Guards). Mr. Gough is a cousin of Lord Gough and nephew of Sir Hubert Gough

Church Street, W.8; Lieutenant D. Lambert, R.N., only son of the late Douglas Lambert and Mrs. J. Cruickshank, of Little Meadow, Northam, Devon, and Ivy Serita Julia, only daughter of Major A. J. M. Gordon, of Henley-on-Thames, and Mrs. J. Gordon, of Hong Kong; Mr. S. A. Fox, only child of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Fox, of Prittlewell, Essex, and Yvonne Patricia, younger daughter of Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt,

K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., and the late Lady Gaunt; Lieutenant N. S. Henderson, R.N., elder son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, St. Keverne, Cheltenham, and Catherine Mary, elder daughter of

Lieutenant-Colonel Claud A. S. Maitland, D.S.O., of Dundrennan and Cumstoun, Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and Mrs. Maitland; Paymaster-Commander E. D. T. Churcher, R.N., H.M.S. *Argus*, second son of Mr. J. A. Churcher, of Fareham, Hampshire, and the late Mrs. Churcher, and Virginia Margaret, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Venning, of Kendals Hall, near Radlett, Hertfordshire; Captain G. P. D. Blacker, Royal Artillery, only son of Sir George and Lady Blacker, Oak Hill House, Frensham, Surrey, and Marion Blanche Ismay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kinahan, St. Fillans, Semerton Road, Belfast, Ireland; Mr. R. Somervell, elder son of the late Sir Arthur Somervell and of Lady Somervell, and Roona, second daughter of the late Hubert Blake and of Mrs. Blake, Dykenook Lodge, Accrington, Lancashire.



Hartley

MISS HONOR POLLOCK

Who is engaged to Mr. James Priestley, the son of the late H. W. Priestley and of Mrs. Priestley, of Montague Street, W.1. Miss Pollock is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock, of Onslow Sq., S.W.



For those of his clientele who will be in London during the next few weeks **LAVIGNE** is creating coats, suits and model dresses at prices rather lower than usual . . . from sixteen guineas. For young ladies, from twelve and a half.

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38 Piccadilly, London, W.1, or to ANY TRAVEL AGENCY.

Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 384)

ordinary way. Is it fair to ask a racegoer to pay 2s. 6d. for his car, charge him 21s. admission, and put up for his entertainment probably two Selling Plates, a small mile and a half, and a five-furlong handicap, a Maiden Plate and an Apprentice Race.

Owners, too, should be given the very best possible accommodation, not as at Kempton, where an owner must walk upwards of half a mile to go from the paddock to make a bet and get back to his stand. True, on a voucher and a payment of 25s. he can go into the members' enclosure, but it would be a small gesture to waive this fee for a man who has paid perhaps £35 to run his horse.

An owner with three horses will pay the race-courses probably well over £300 a year in entry fees and, as abroad, should be given a free badge to all race-courses on payment at Weatherbys of a deposit of say £300 at the beginning of the season. His entries would be debited against this, and no part of the

deposit would be returnable. He could go into the members' enclosure on a voucher signed by a member.

Attendances are badly down and courses are complaining, but accentuated by the series of crises, people are hard up and won't pay these high charges for discomfort, moderate food and bad racing.

The amount of £700,000 taken from their pockets by the tote with slightly reduced admission fees at only two or three courses hasn't helped.

Why not try the principle of *reculant pour mieux sauter*. Cut down the "rake-off" from the caterer, halve admission fees and give better racing, even if it means passing the dividend for one year but each course insist on a direct percentage from its tote takings. The increased attendance and, if the tote is really popular, increased tote turnover should repay them.

A horse show engagement which everyone automatically puts in his book is Richmond Royal. The dates this year are June 8, 9, 10, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and the information is that this great gathering will be as good as ever.



A RECENT HOUSE PARTY AT WYKHAM PARK

A happy picture in the spring sun of which we have not had as full a ration as we think we deserve. Left to right: at back, Mr. A. T. Smith-Bingham, the Hon. Mrs. Morgan Jones, a daughter of the late Lord Buckland, Mrs. Smith-Bingham, and Mr. Reynolds (in front), Captain Percy Whitaker, famous trainer and formerly famous G.R. and Captain Morgan Jones (Life Guards).

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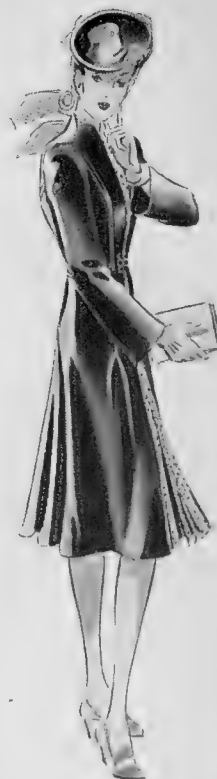
A Nottingham reader writes:

"... In these days of appalling 'journalise' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense, but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about... is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

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M'SELLE SHOP SECOND FLOOR
A Floor for Women Run by Women



Silken figure loveliness

is the theme of all creations by Juvena, the name which stands for perfection of fit and detail in underwear. And the set shown here must appeal so much more strongly to the really fastidious woman because it is the one model in this season's styles fashioned of pure silk. The sheen of this elastically knit-woven fabric combined with the smart simplicity of its deft "tailoring", the key-note of which is the accentuation of a slender line with fashionable curves, makes this Juvena model the underwear de luxe for the woman of discriminating taste. Our folder "Undie fashions 1939" describes and illustrates, partly in colour, the charming details of Juvena underwear. Write for free copy to Juvena-Agency, 13(1), Southampton Place, London W.C.1.

In this close-up of above model 9061/63 made of pure silk in peach, white or sky, you can see the rosebud trimming, adjustable shoulder straps and neat vest-edging containing elastic threads - vest and pantie cost 5/11 each.





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★ Don't forget the famous Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder is blended to match Lipstick, Cream Rouge, and Nail Gloss shades.

Uniform by —



A dainty afternoon apron in reliable white British Organdie. It is attractively stitched and trimmed with embroidery.

Apron 735 . 2/11½

Cap 439 . 1/6½

Set 193 . 2/6½
(Semi-V Neck Style)

The panelled front ending in two open pleats at the bottom of the semi-flared skirt, gives style to this smartly cut frock. Women's sizes in a good range of colours.



"Marie" Dress

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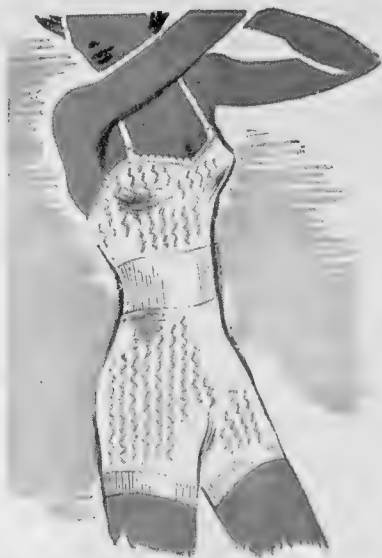
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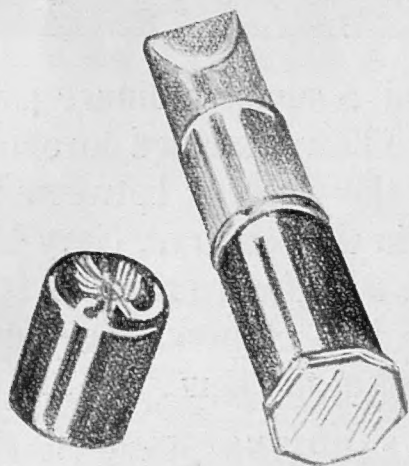
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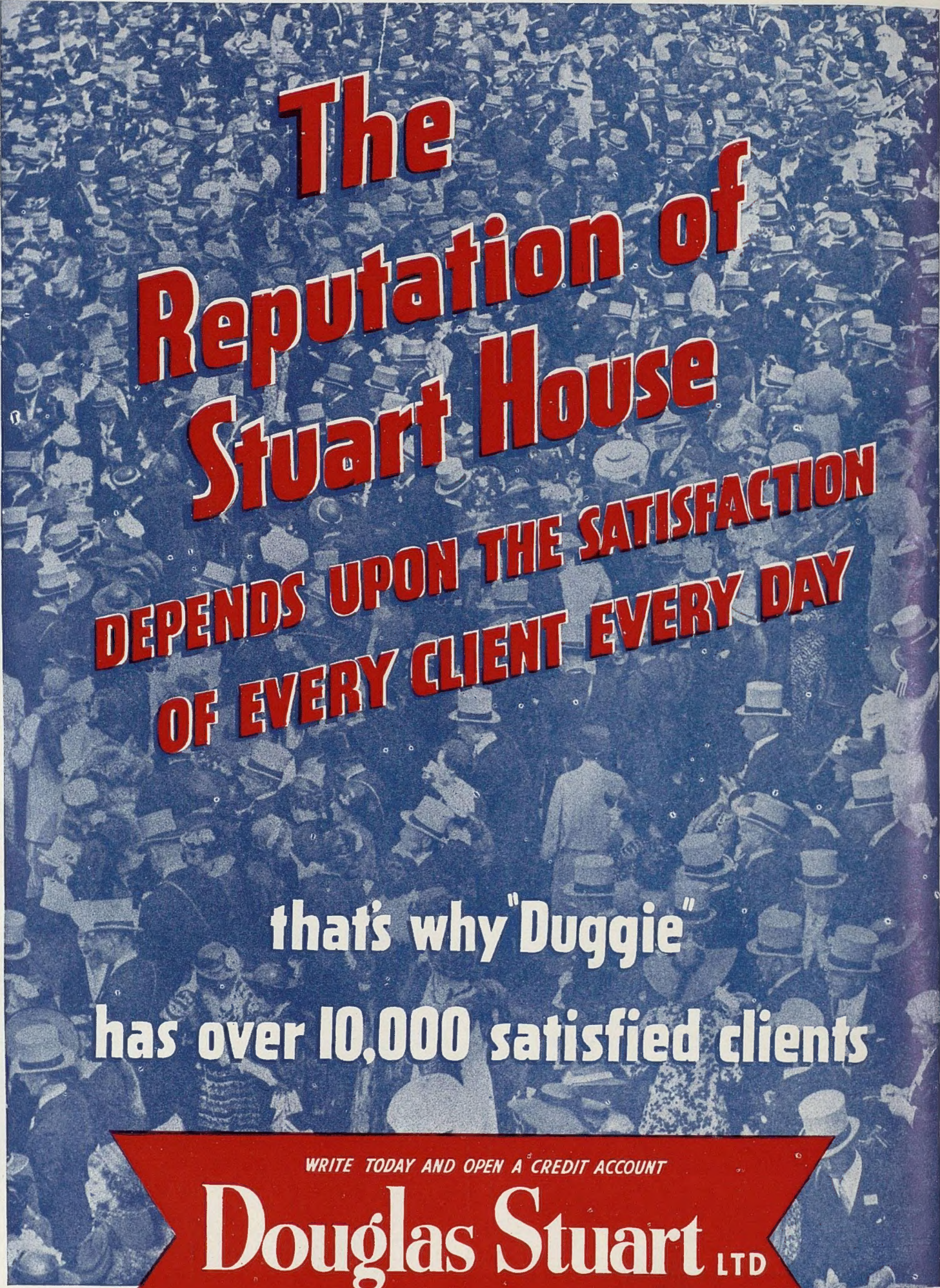
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